

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP..TOPS <sup>for</sup> LAUGHS!

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP

NO 36 MAY

# COOKIE



10¢

*The Funniest Kid in Town...*

I THINK YA  
BETTER START  
BAILIN', FELLAS!

MIDDLE CITY 58 mi







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN



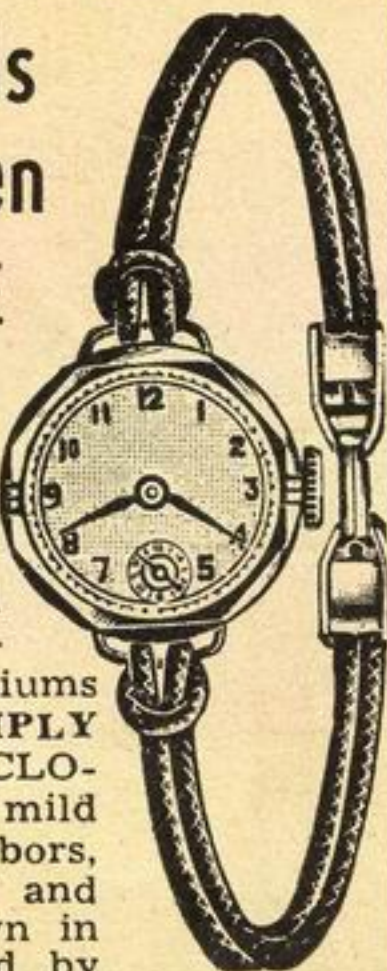
Boys - Girls  
Ladies - Men

WE ARE  
RELIABLE

OUR 57th YEAR

MAIL COUPON NOW

Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Dolls, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. We trust you. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. S-27, TYRONE, PA.



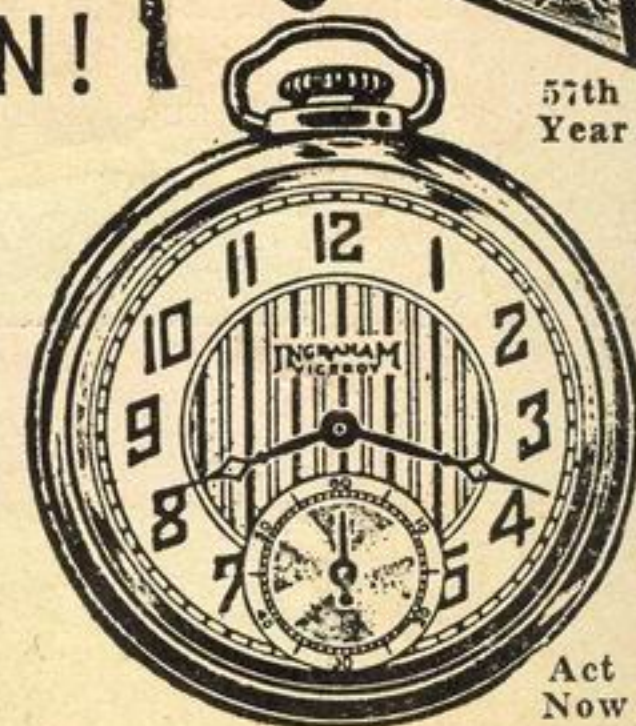
# PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN



BOYS - GIRLS!  
LADIES - MEN!

MAIL COUPON NOW

Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles with tube of shot, Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. 57th year. Mail coupon or write today. Be first. Act now. We trust you. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. R-27, TYRONE, PA.



# GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

BOYS  
GIRLS

LADIES  
MEN



Boys - Girls! Genuine 22 cal. Rifles. Movie Machines, Electric Record Players (sent postage paid). Boys - Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Be first. Mail coupon or write today.

WILSON CHEM. CO.,  
Dept. T-27,  
TYRONE, PA.

# GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

Act  
Now

OUR 57th YEAR



Football, Baseballs, Billfolds, Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White Cloverine Brand Salve easily sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. We are reliable. 57th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. V-27, Tyrone, Pa.

# GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH



Our 57th Year

Act Now

Complete Cub Fishing Outfits, Basketball Sets, Telescopes (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relative at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 57th year. We trust you. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. W-27, Tyrone, Pa.

# GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

Ukuleles,  
Radios,  
Watches  
(sent postage  
paid). Other  
Premiums or  
Cash

Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Act now. Write or mail coupon today.

Our 57th year. Be first. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. Y-27, Tyrone, Pa.



MAIL  
COUPON



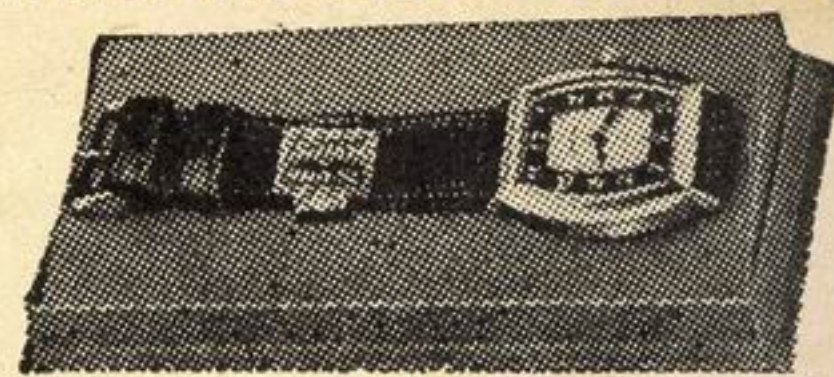
OUR  
57th  
YEAR

Act  
Now

MAIL COUPON NOW

# GIVEN - PREMIUMS - CASH

Boys - Girls - Ladies Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Wrist Watches, Jewelry (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 57th year. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. Z-27, TYRONE, PA.



## MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 27-A, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....  
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name ..... Age.....

St. .... RD..... Box.....

Town ..... Zone  
No..... State.....

Print LAST  
Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

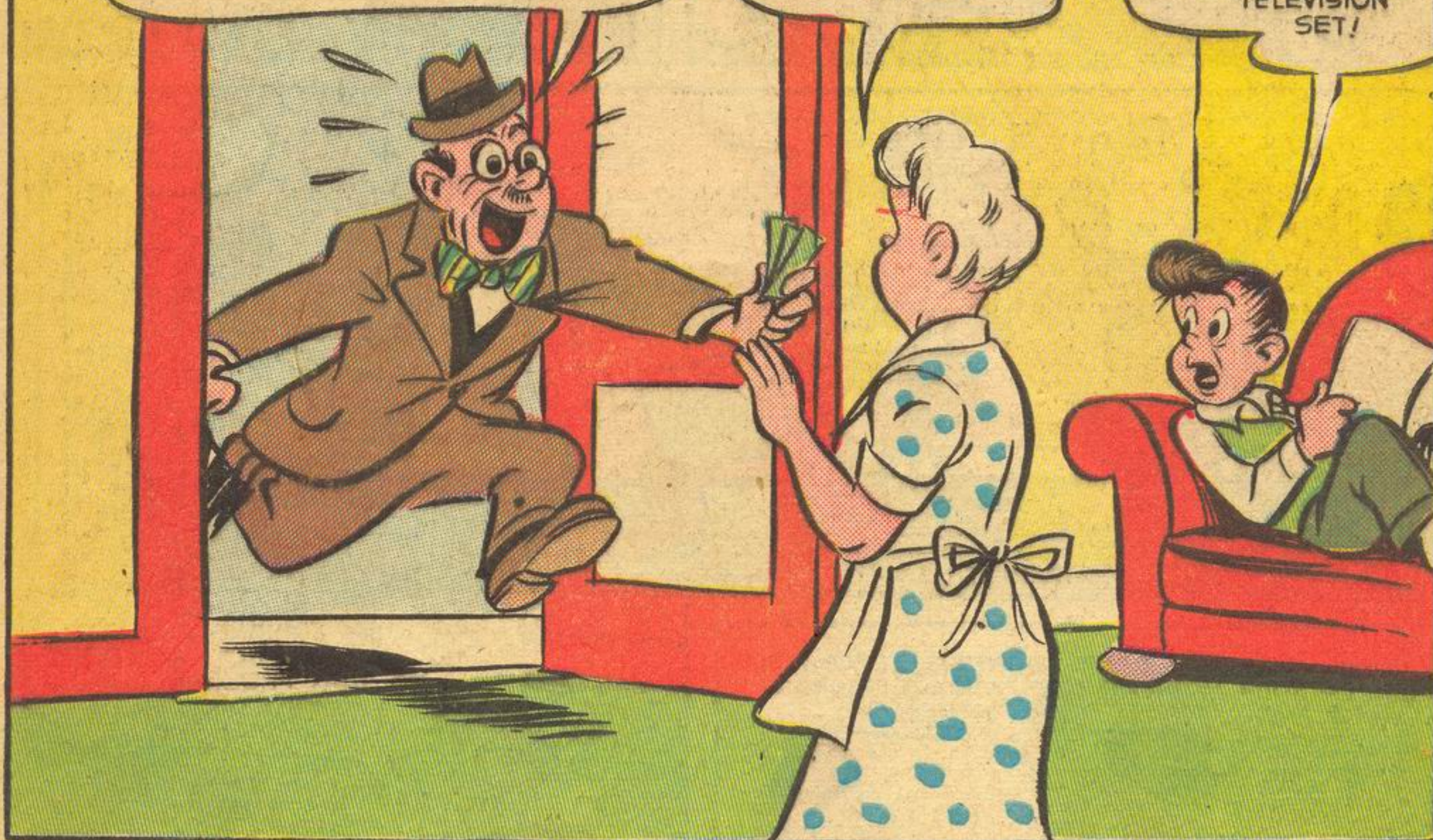


# "COOKIE"

MOM! COOKIE! GET ON YOUR COATS! WE GOTTA GO! LOOK-- I GOT 3 TICKETS TO THAT NEW TELEVISION SHOW, "JERK OF THE WEEK"!

BUT WE HAVEN'T HAD SUPPER YET! AND BESIDES-- WHY GO TO IT AT ALL?

YEAH! WE CAN SEE IT ON OUR TELEVISION SET!

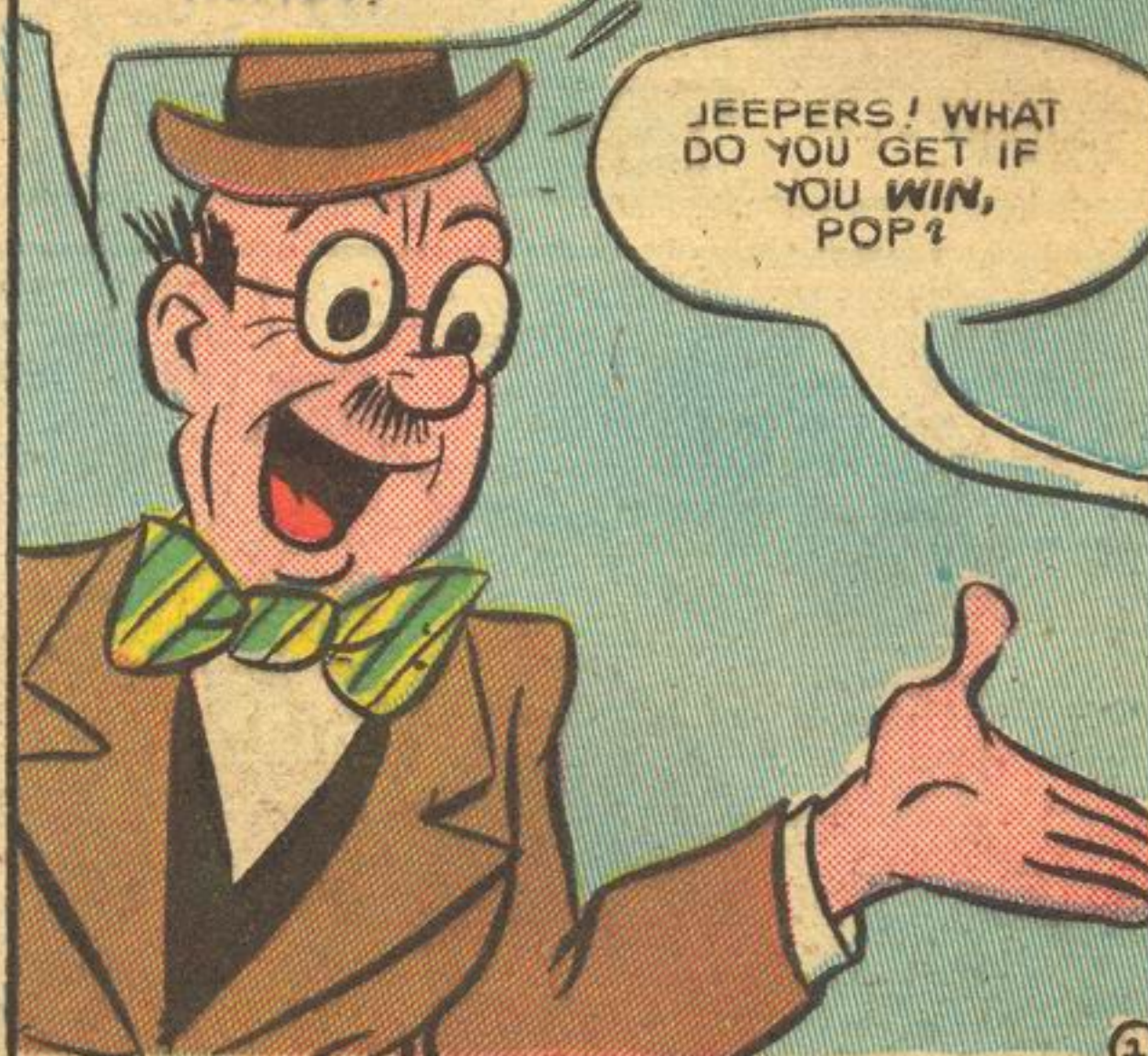
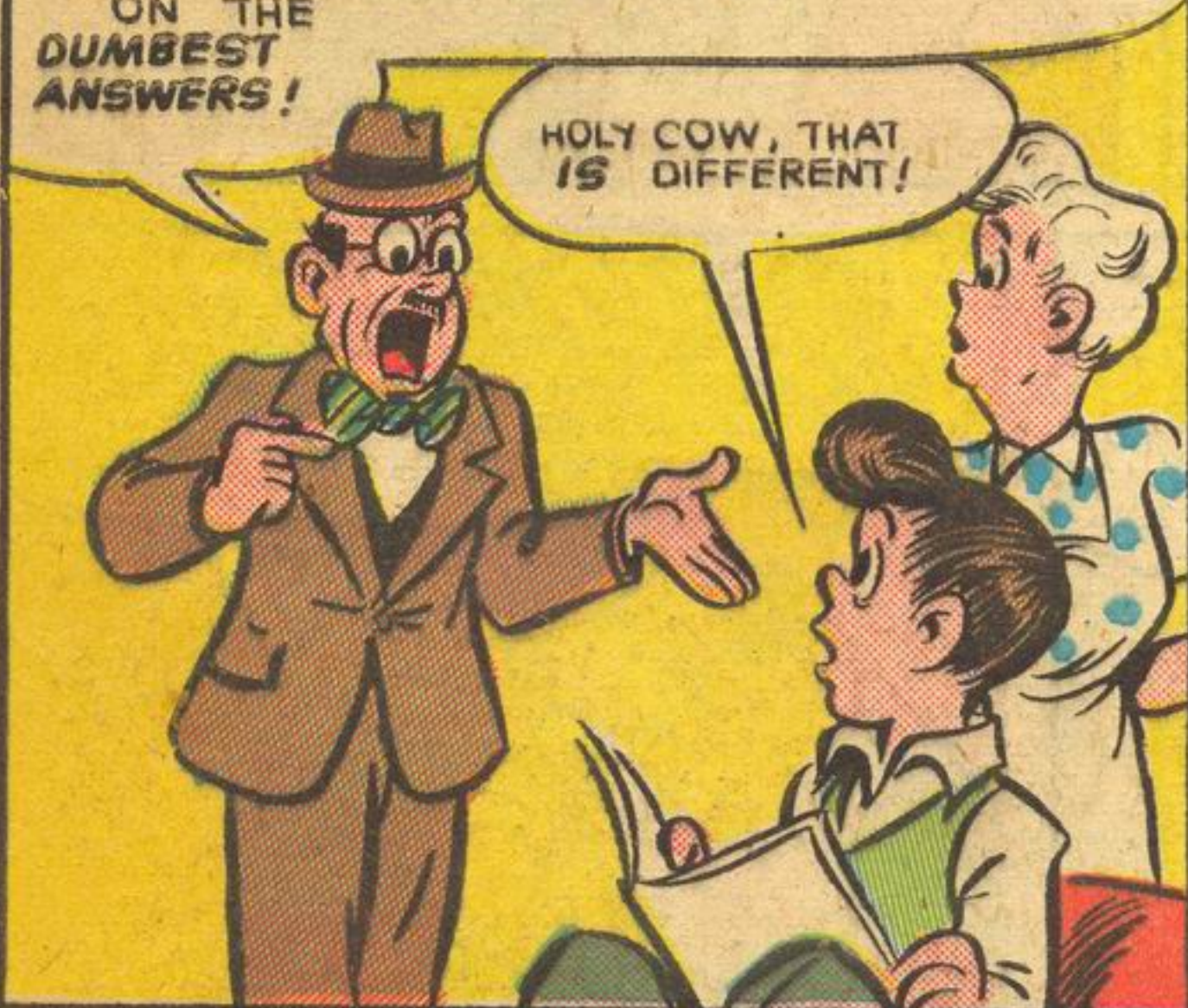


I'LL TELL YOU WHY WE SHOULD GO TO IT! THIS NEW PROGRAM IS ONE OF THOSE GIVE-AWAY DEALS, BUT IT'S DIFFERENT! INSTEAD OF HAVING TO BE A WALKING ENCYCLOPEDIA, THEY PAY OFF ON THE DUMBEST ANSWERS!

HOLY COW, THAT IS DIFFERENT!

CERTAINLY! ANYBODY'S GOT A CHANCE OF WINNING IF THEY GET CHOSEN AS A CONTESTANT! NOW GET READY!

JEEPERS! WHAT DO YOU GET IF YOU WIN, POP?





I DUNNO! THEY SAY THE PRIZES ARE GOING TO BE AS DIFFERENT AS THE PROGRAM, BUT VALUABLE! VALUABLE!

WELL, LET'S GO! IF YOU GET ON THE PROGRAM, POP, YOU'LL WIN HANDS DOWN!

YEAH! YEAH! SURE! THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN SAYING! IF I -- HUH? -- HOW'D SHE MEAN THAT?

I WOULDN'T KNOW!

WELL, I'M ALL READY!

WELL, LET'S GO! LET'S GO!

R-RING! R-R-RING!

HEY! THE PHONE!

DON'T ANSWER IT! DON'T ANSWER IT! IT MIGHT BE ONE OF YOUR MOTHER'S LONG-WINDED FRIENDS! I WANT TO GET THERE **EARLY!**

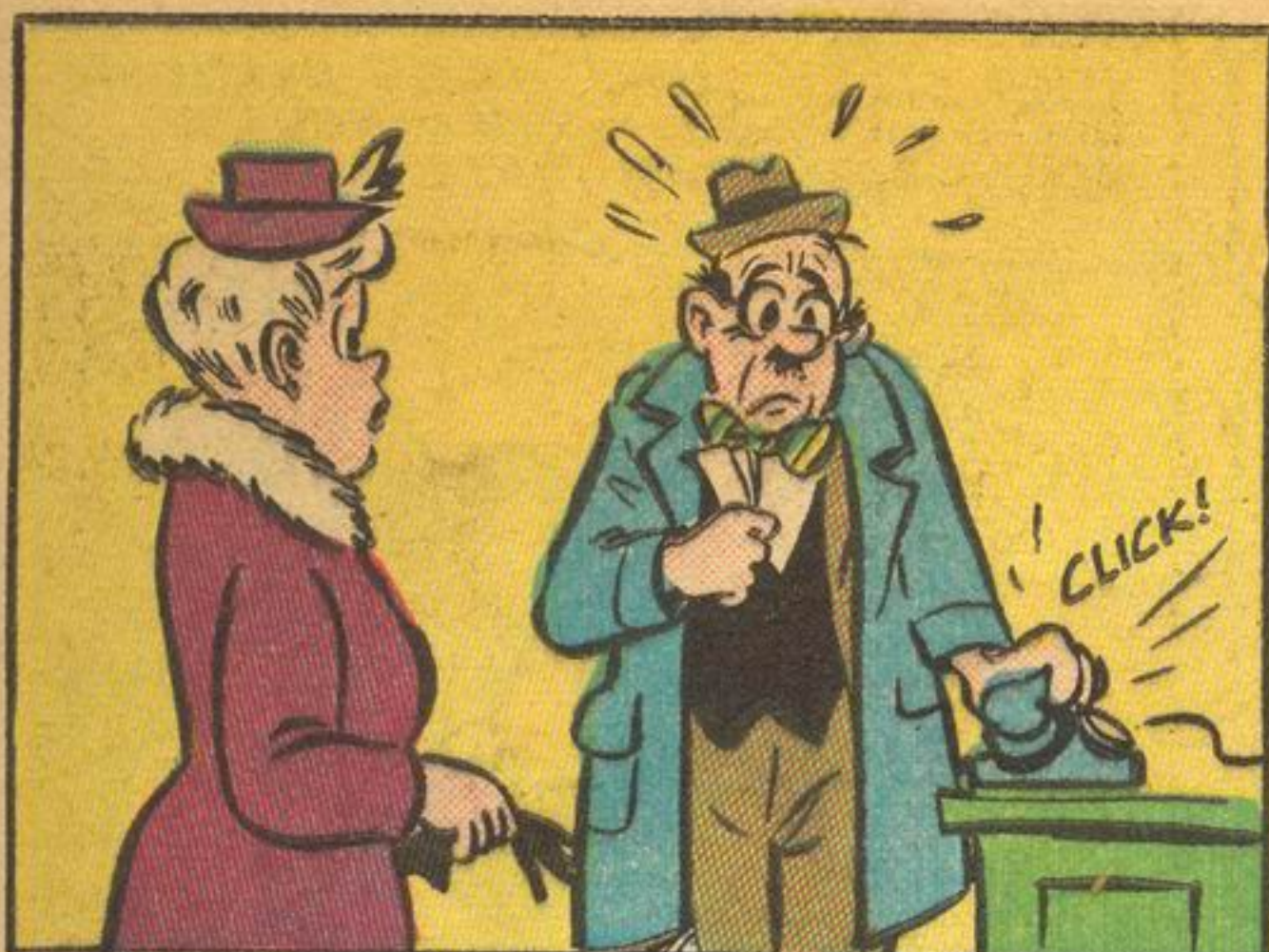
POP O'TOOLE! THIS PHONE'S GOING TO BE **ANSWERED!** I'M SURE A PHONE CALL ISN'T GOING TO AFFECT YOUR GOING TO THAT PROGRAM ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

THEN SAY HELLO, GOODBYE, AND HANG UP! NOBODY, I MEAN BUT **NOBODY** IS GOING TO KEEP ME FROM GOING TO THAT PRO---

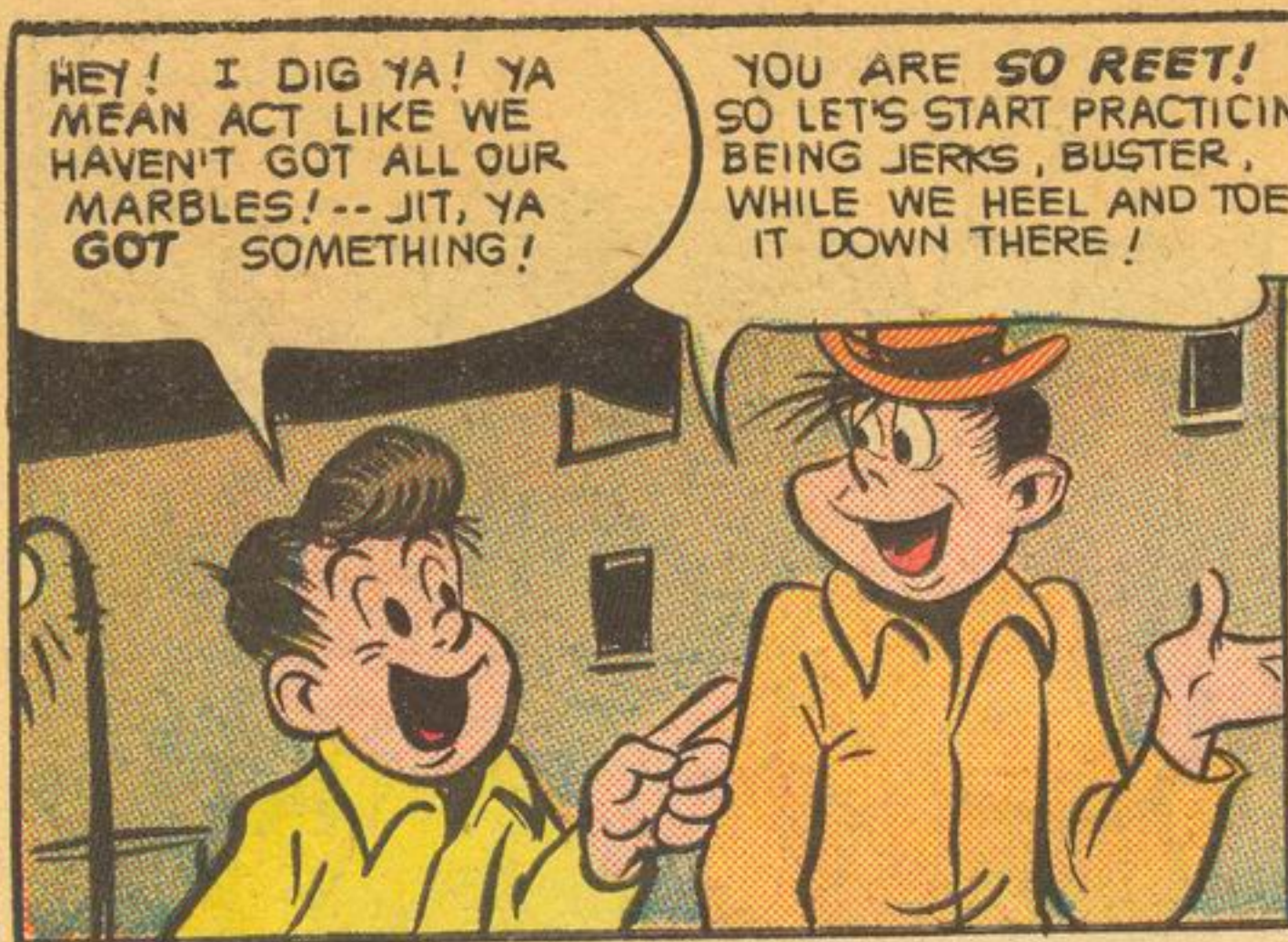
HELLO! **WHO?** OH, YES, YES, HE'S HERE! -- IT'S FOR YOU, POP! IT'S YOUR BOSS!

HELLO, D.D.! WHAT? **WORK** TONIGHT? OH, **NO!** I **CAN'T!** I'M GOING TO --- HMM? **FIRED?** -- ER-- **YES, SIR!** YES, SIR! RIGHT AWAY. D.D.! BE OVER RIGHT AWAY!









HEY! I DIG YA! YA MEAN ACT LIKE WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL OUR MARBLES! -- JIT, YA GOT SOMETHING!

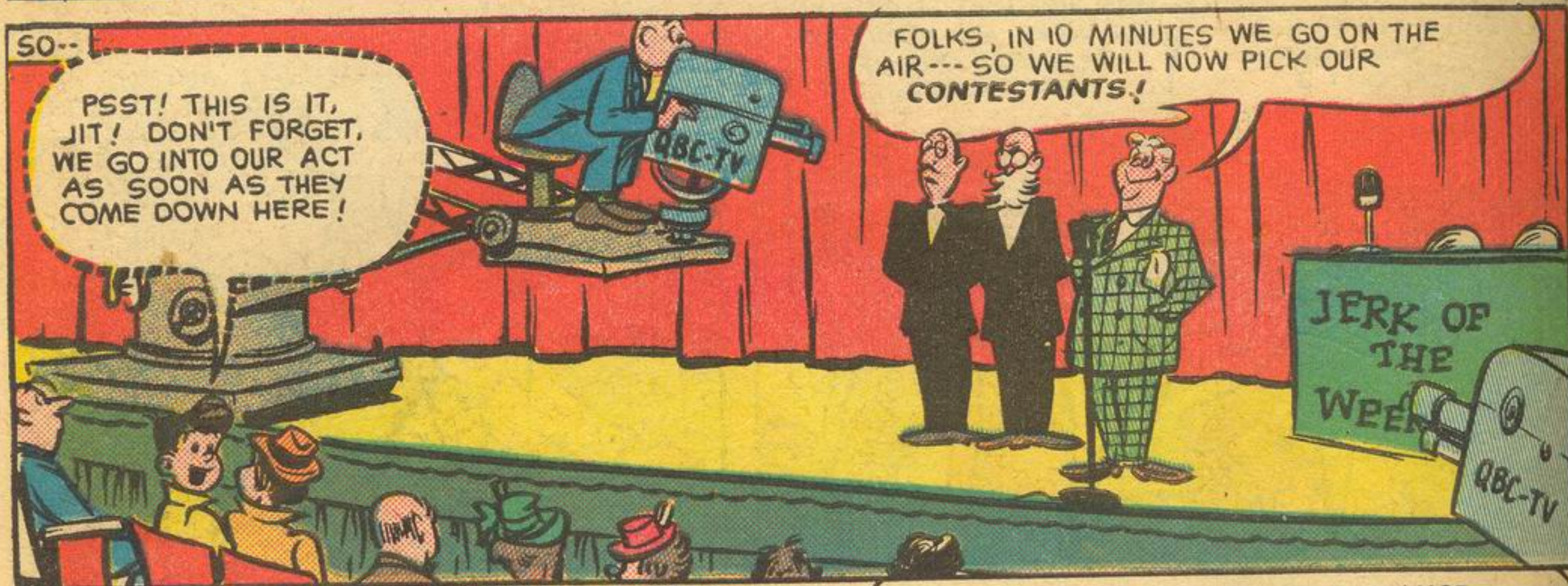
YOU ARE **SO REET!** SO LET'S START PRACTICIN' BEING JERKS, BUSTER, WHILE WE HEEL AND TOE IT DOWN THERE!



MINUTES LATER--

DUH-- MY NA-YUM IS JOEL LARDBRAIN, I'M 16 YEARS OLD, I GO TO HARELIP HIGH, AN' I AIN'T LEARNED TO WALK YET!

ER-- AH-- JIT! MAYBE WE BETTER QUIT PRACTICIN'!



SO--

PSST! THIS IS IT, JIT! DON'T FORGET, WE GO INTO OUR ACT AS SOON AS THEY COME DOWN HERE!

FOLKS, IN 10 MINUTES WE GO ON THE AIR--- SO WE WILL NOW PICK OUR **CONTESTANTS!**



AS YOU KNOW, THIS PROGRAM IS **DIFFERENT!** WE WANT **DUMB** CONTESTANTS, NOT SMART ONES! NOW, IN ORDER THAT WE GET **GENUINE** JERKS UP HERE INSTEAD OF FOLKS ACTING STUPID JUST TO GET A CHANCE AT OUR PRIZES, WE HAVE ASKED TWO **PSYCHIATRISTS** TO PICK OUT OUR CONTESTANTS!



OH, **FINE!** THERE GOES OUR BIG CHANCE!

IT IS TO PRETEND TO BE INTELLIGENT! --VERY WELL, DOCTORS-- IF YOU'LL PROCEED, PLEASE!



PLEASE, MADAM! YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME!

DOCTOR LENWOIR! HERE'S A PERSON OF **GENUINE** LOW INTELLIGENCE!

I DO NOT LIKE NO REMARKS LIKE WHAT YOU SAID ON ACCOUNT OF YOU DO NOT KNOW ME!

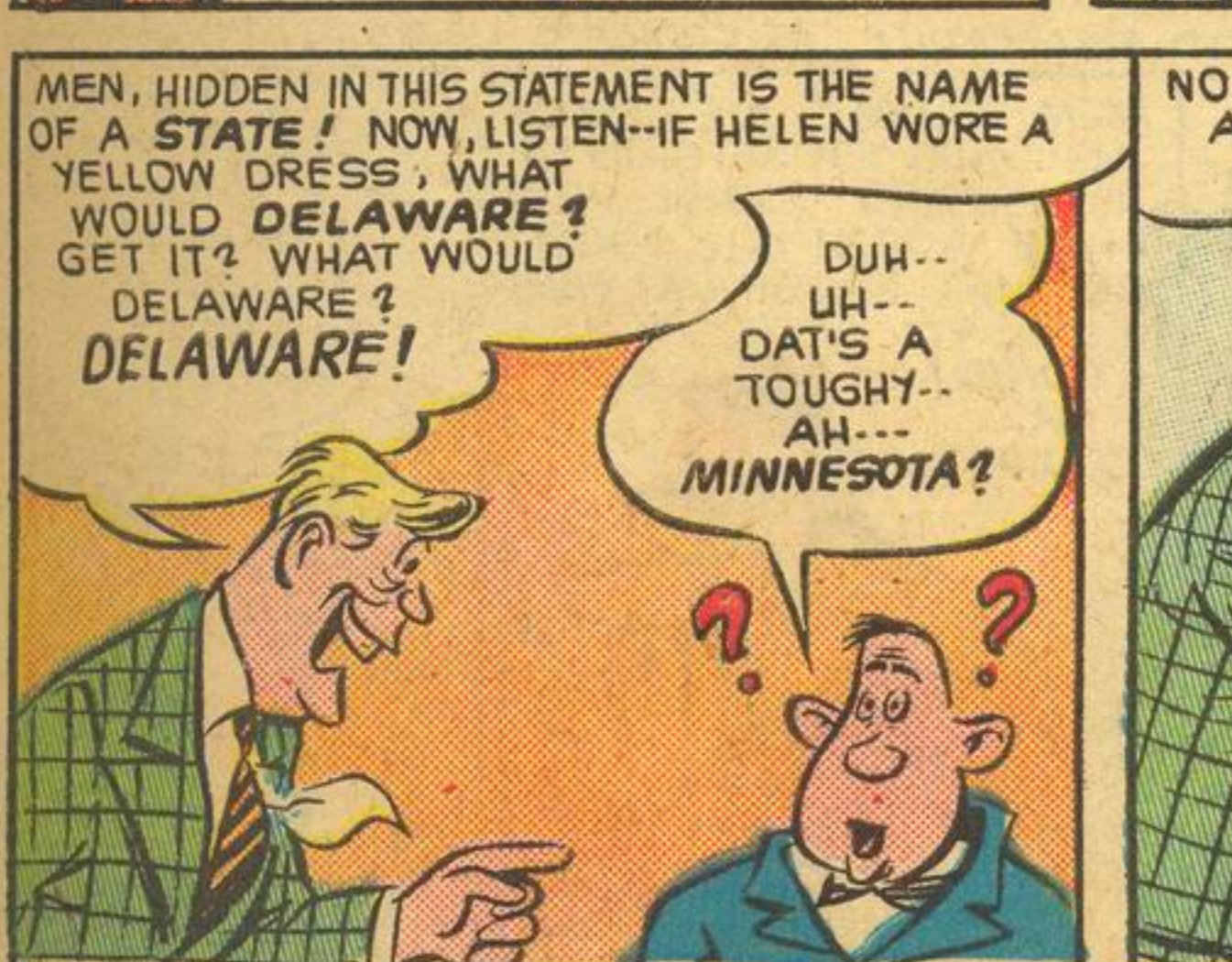
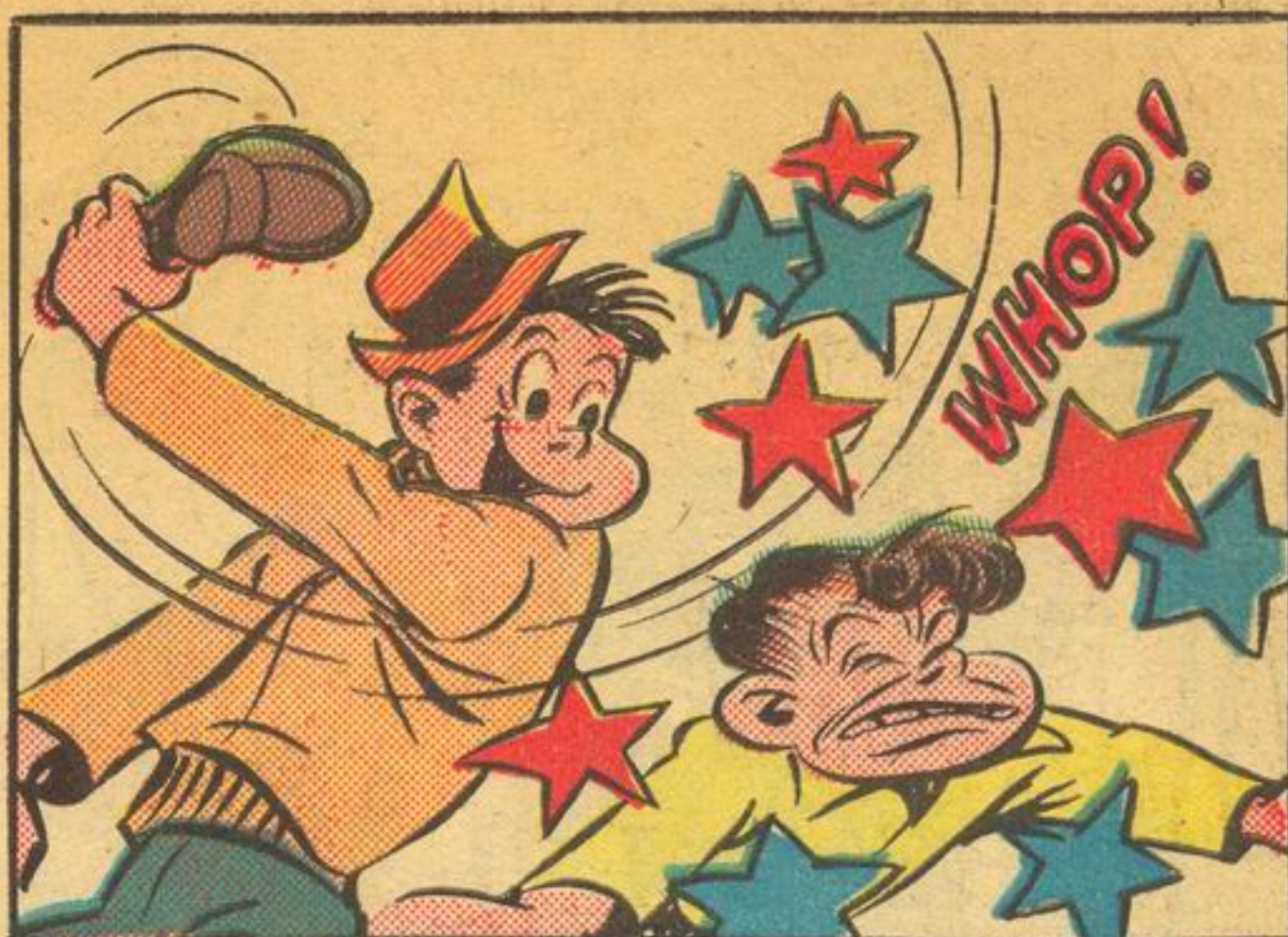
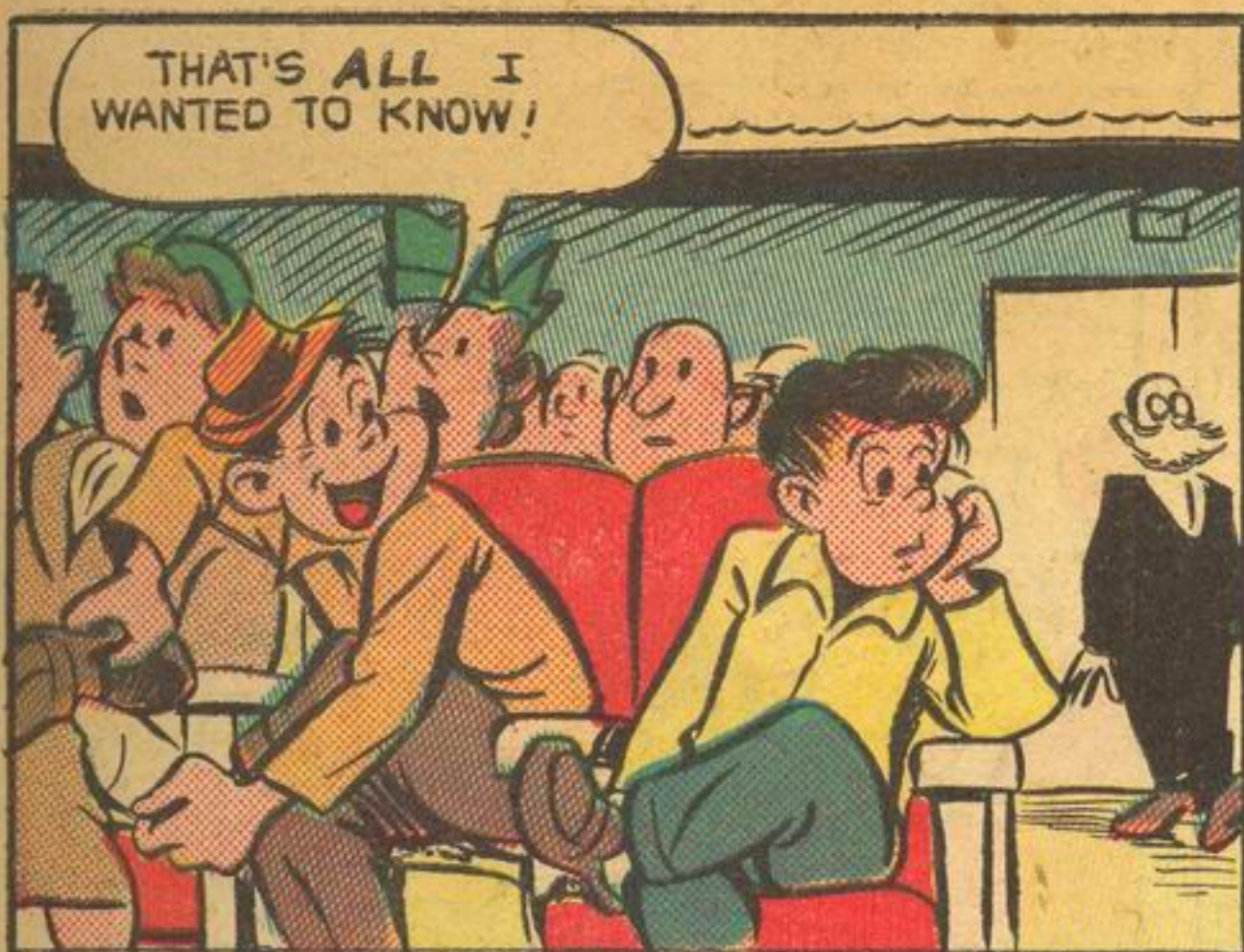


AH--- **PERFECT!** HE'LL DO!

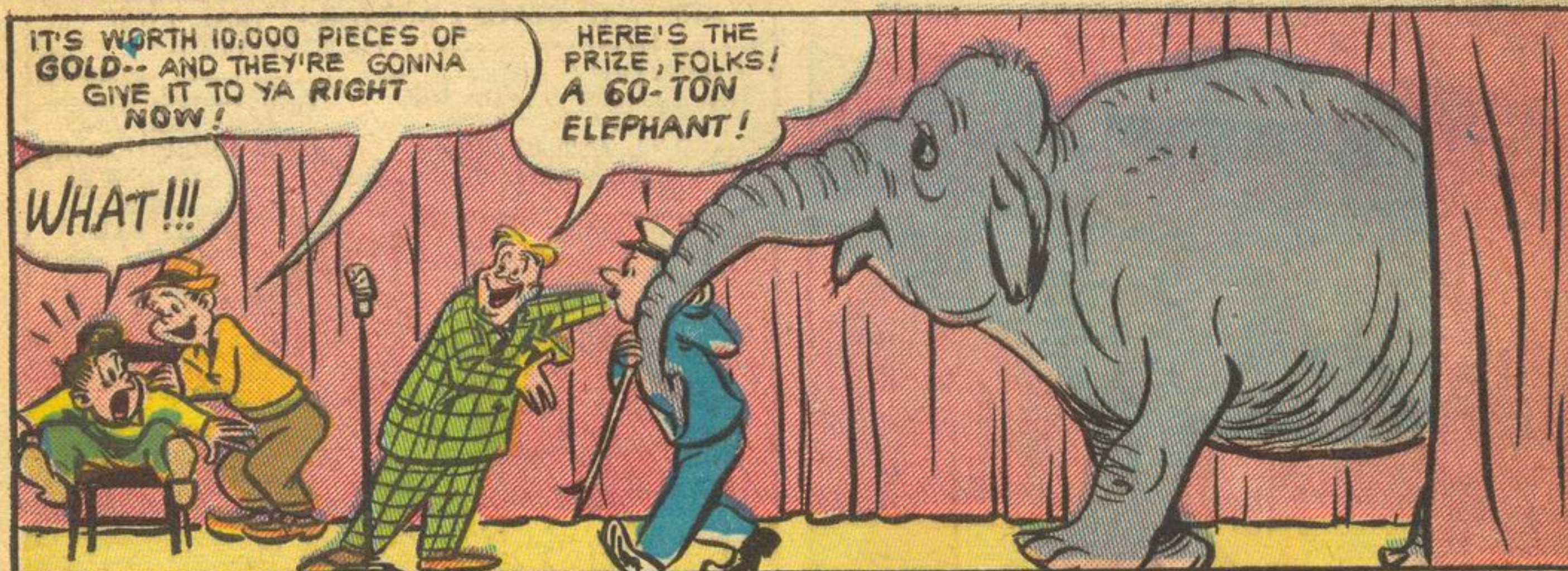
**COOKIE!** LISTEN, I THINK I KNOW HOW TO CONVINCE 'EM AT LEAST **ONE** OF US IS STUPID! SHALL I TRY?

I DON'T CARE **WHAT** YOU DO!

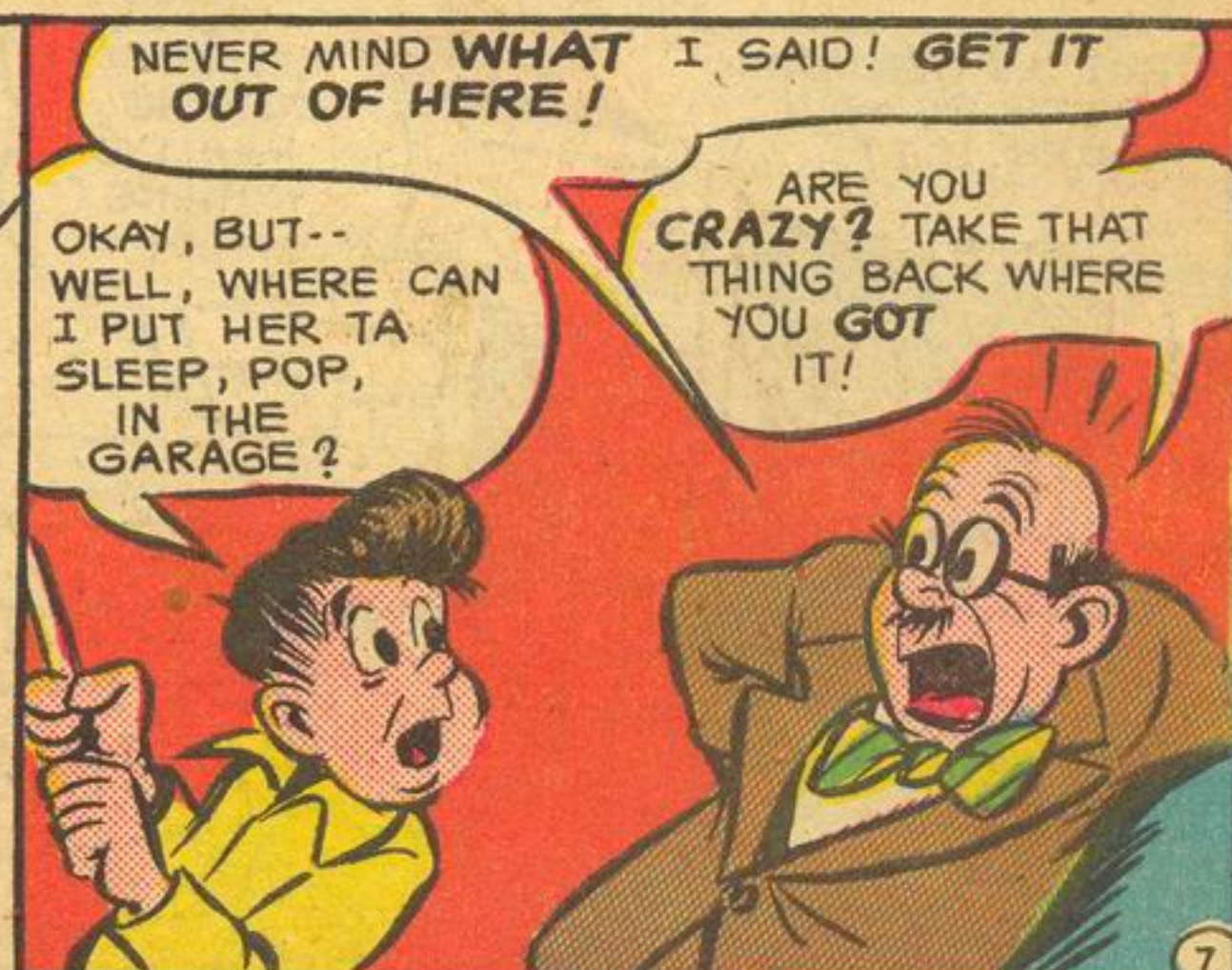
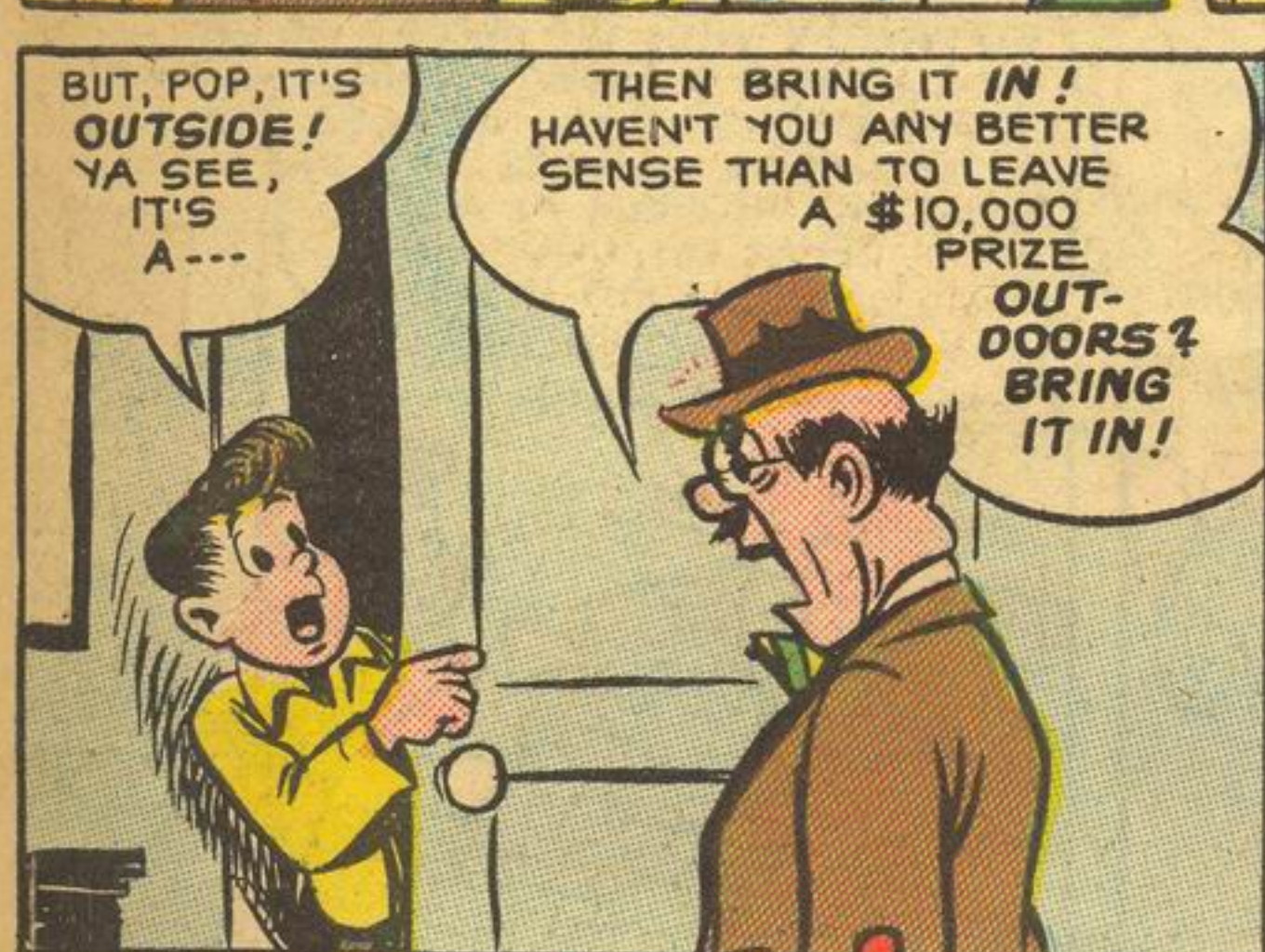
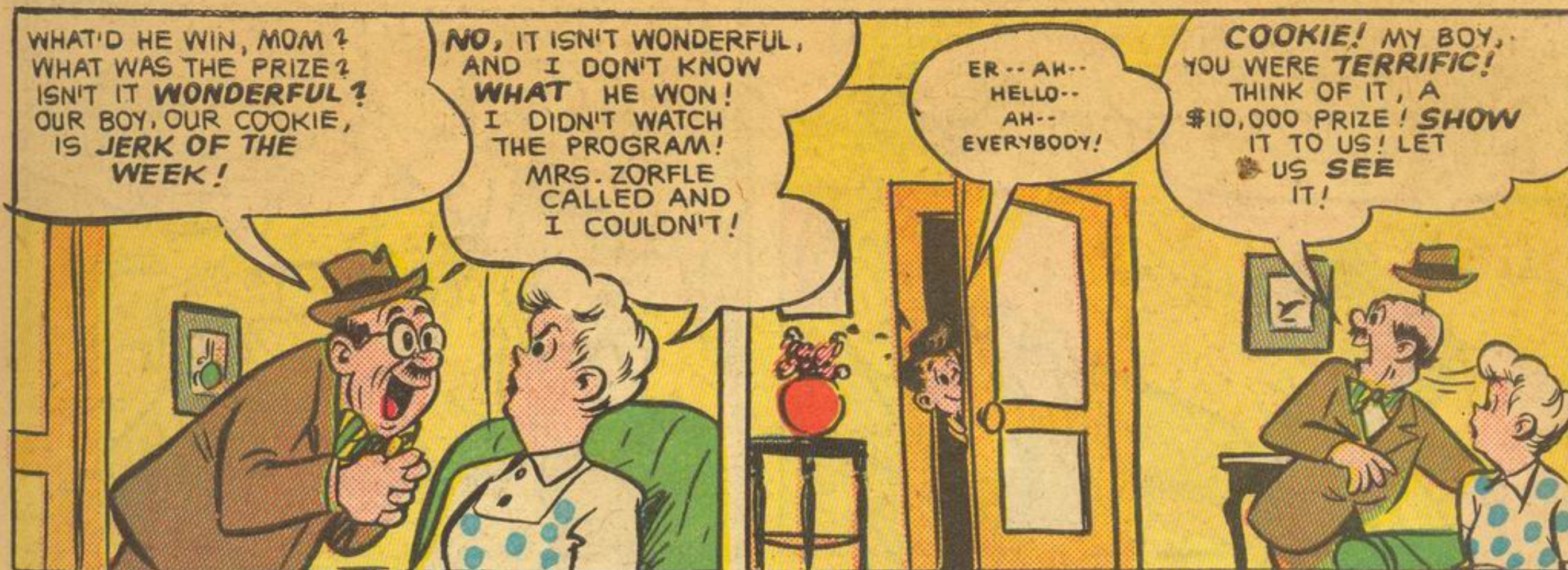




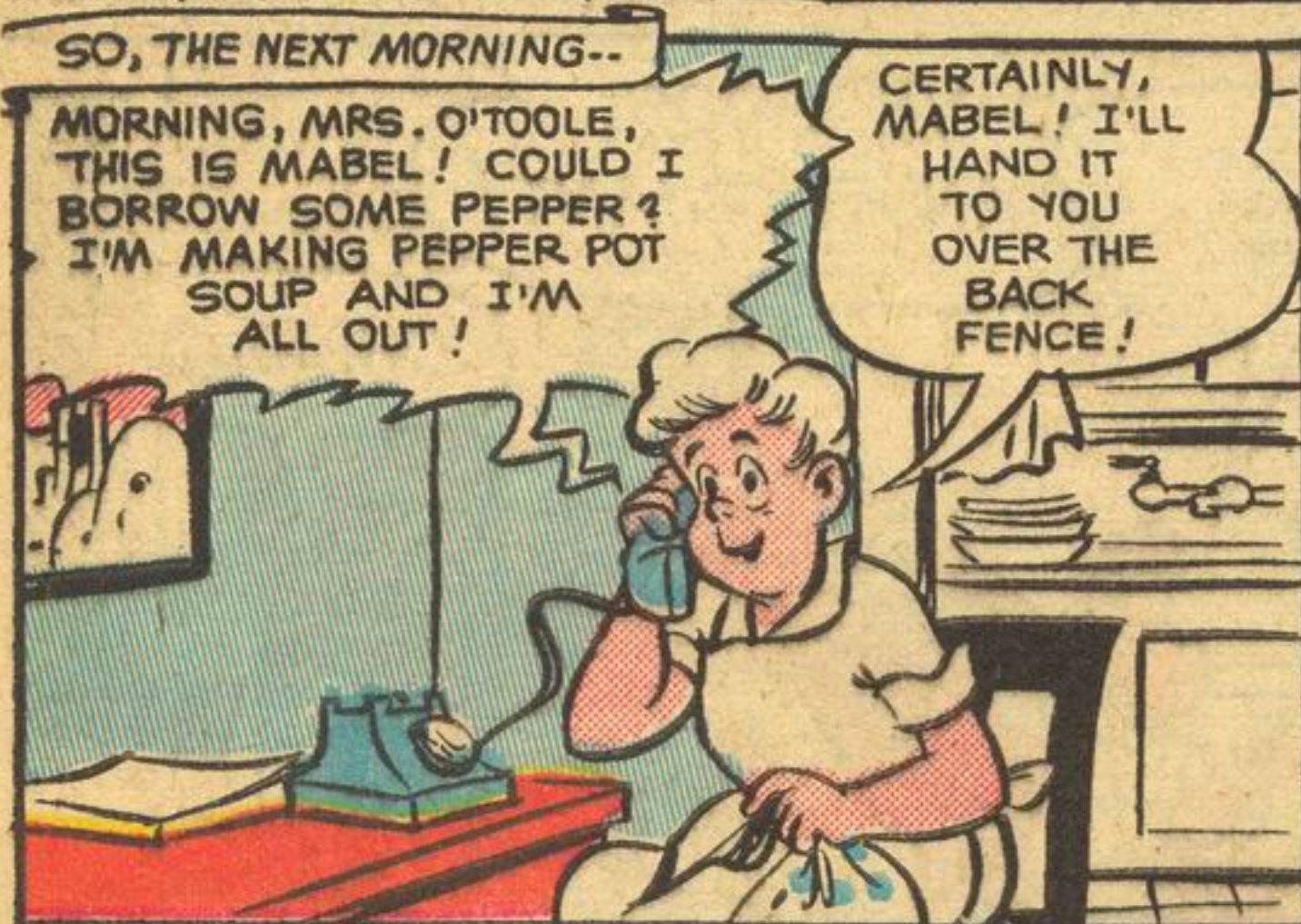
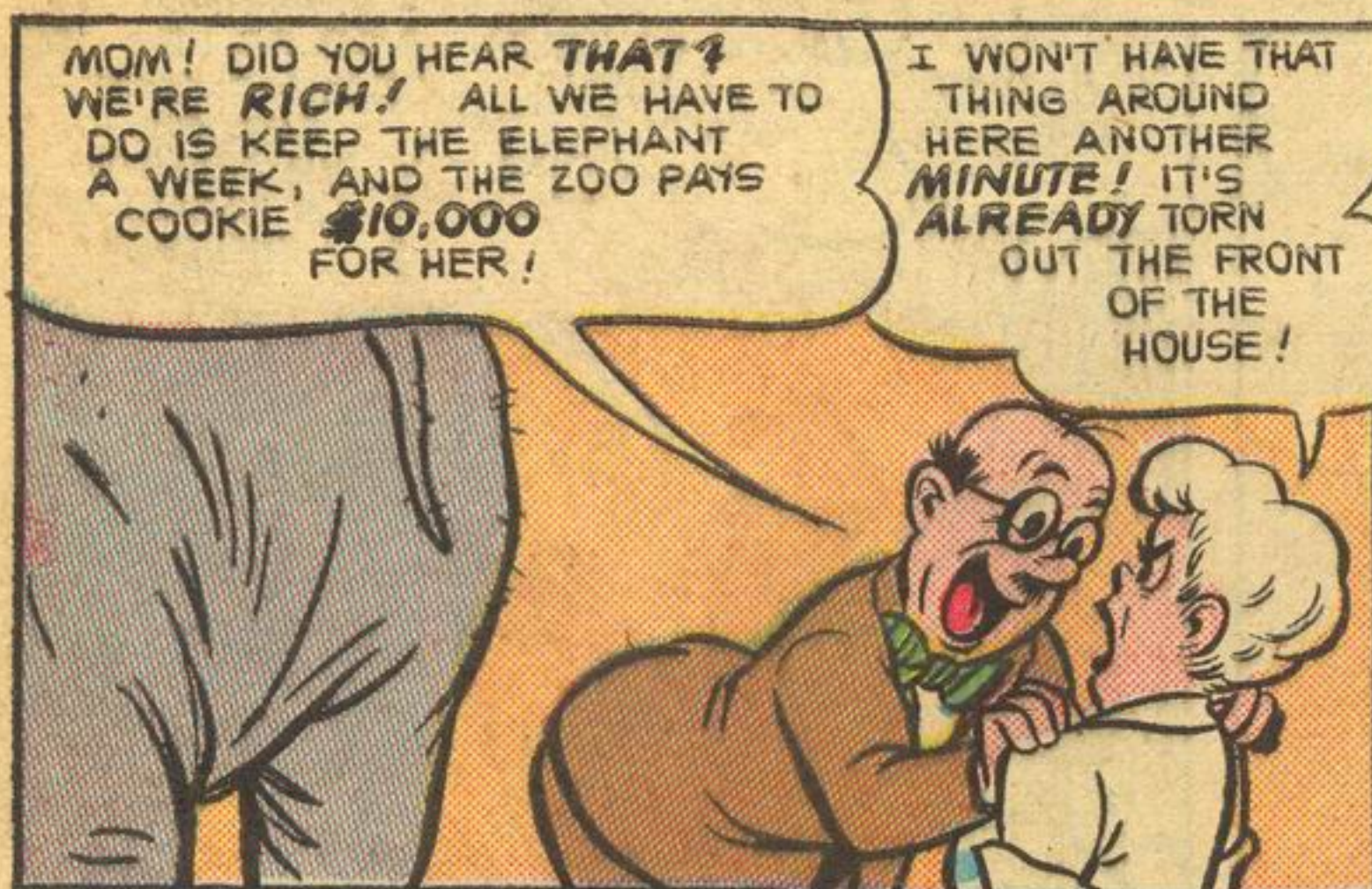




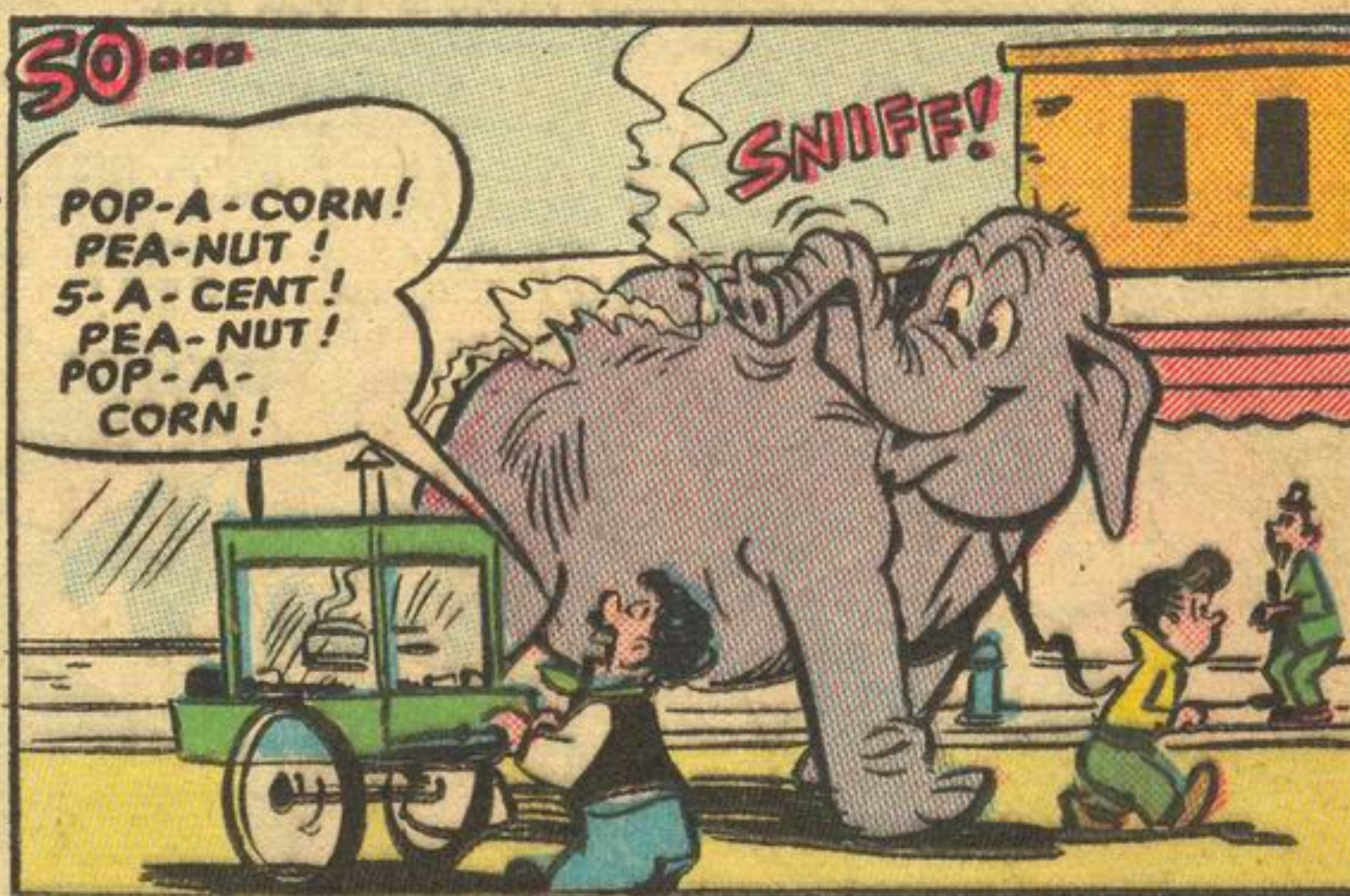
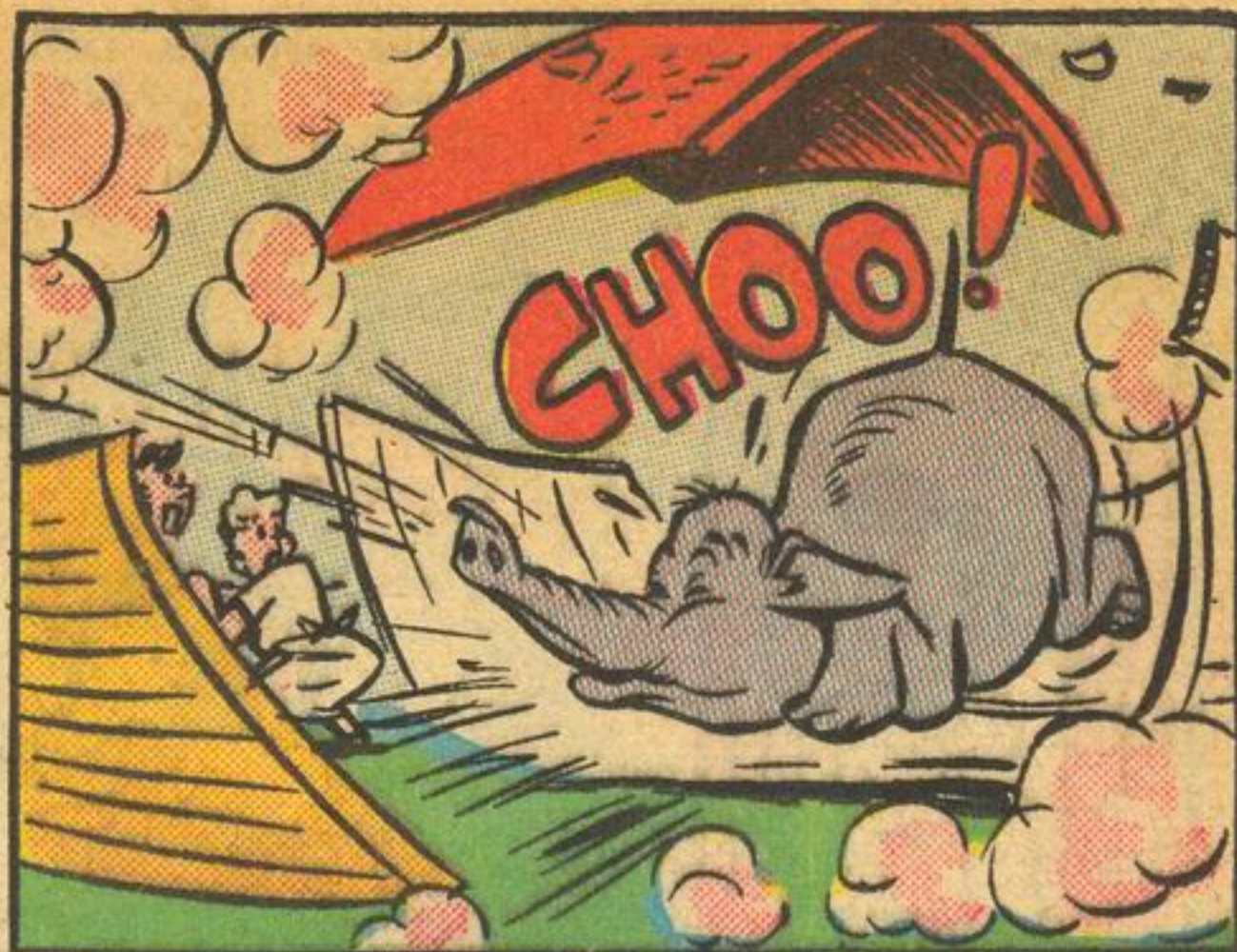
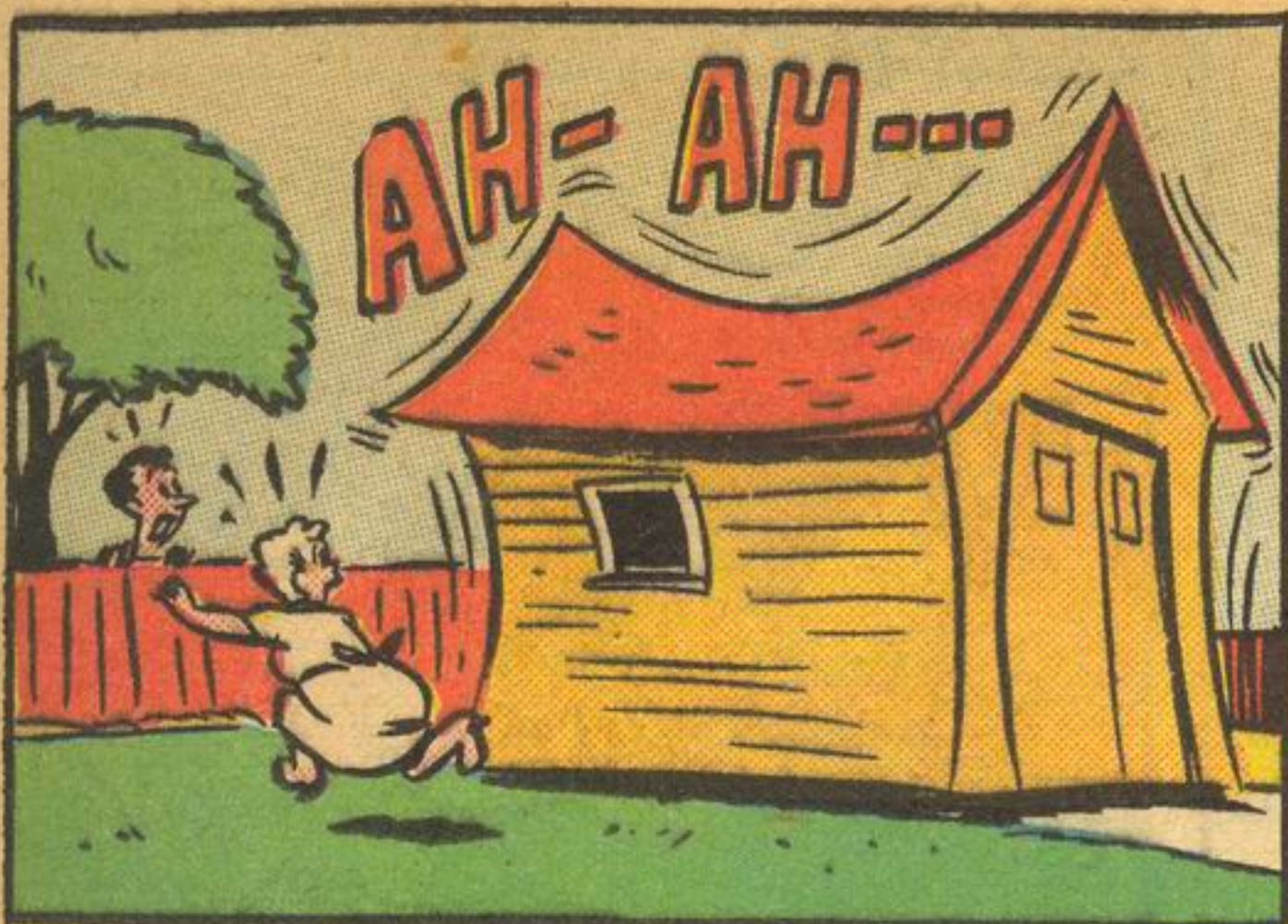














MINUTES LATER --

NOW DON'T WORRY, MY GOOD MAN! DROP BY THE HOUSE AT THE END OF THE WEEK AND I'LL PAY YOU THEN!

YOU BETCHA MY LIFE-A YOU PAY! \$300 YOU PAY, OR GO TO JAIL!

AND SO, FOR THE REST OF THE WEEK ---

WELL, THERE'S ANOTHER TON OF PEANUTS, MRS. O'TOOLE, AND THE BOSS WANTS TO KNOW WHEN WE GET OUR MONEY!

MY HUSBAND SAID TO TELL HIM TO COME BY THE END OF THE WEEK!

And...

LOOK AT MY LAWN, O'TOOLE! IT'S RUINED!

NOW, DON'T GET EXCITED, JONES! I'LL PAY FOR A NEW ONE BY THE END OF THE WEEK!

SO FINALLY, AT THE END OF THE WEEK ---

COOKIE, ON BEHALF OF THE CITY ZOO, I'M HAPPY TO GIVE YOU THIS CHECK FOR \$10,000!

GOLLY, THANKS, SIR!

NOW PAY ME FOR MY LAWN!

AND FOR 10 TONS OF PEANUTS!

HERE'S YOUR BILL FOR A NEW GARAGE!

OKAY! OKAY! ONE AT A TIME!

MY-A BIZZ! PAY UP FOR MY-A BIZZ!

Later...

WELL, MOM! COOKIE! IT WAS AN AWFUL LOT TO GO THROUGH, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT! WE GOT 10,000 BUCKS!

AND HOW MUCH DID IT COST US?

WELL, LET'S SEE! HMM!  $604 + 100 \div 4$  --- MUMBLE -- 39 -- CARRY 2 -- HMM --  $693 \div 7$  --- YE GODS! IT COST US 56 BUCKS MORE THAN WE GOT!

WELL, POP, COOKIE MAY HAVE PROVED HE WAS JERK OF THE WEEK ON THAT PROGRAM, BUT---

-- YOU PROVED YOU WERE JERK OF THE YEAR!

THE ONLY ONE WHO GOT ANYTHING OUT OF THIS HASSLE WAS BEDELIA! 10 TONS OF PEANUTS!



**EXTRA** The Daily Nooz **EXTRA**

**"THE KILROYS" HITS NEW HIGH IN READERSHIP**

AMERICA'S GREATEST TEEN-AGE COMIC MOST POPULAR BOOK ON STANDS! KILROY'S HERE AGAIN!

**The KILROYS**  
...THE MOST WANTED COMIC IN HISTORY!

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP—TOPS IN LAUGHS!

**KILROYS**  
America's Funniest Family!

HEY, DIDJA EVER SEE SUCH A JERKY-LOOKIN' MUTT?

In response to nationwide demand, your favorite fun magazine goes on its merry way... **OPERATION CHUCKLES!** Which means laughs, grins and roars from **AMERICA'S FUNNIEST FAMILY**... and twice as many tickles from the most terrific teen-agers in town!

They're all in... **"THE KILROYS"**... the greatest magazine going!

**BOYS! GIRLS! LOOK!**

Get this **24 K GOLD-PLATED**

**"GOOD LUCK" RING**

**With YOUR OWN INITIALS!**

**BIG!**  
AMAZING VALUE!  
NEVER BEFORE OFFERED!

**GLEAMING**

**MASSIVE!**  
EVERY RING MADE TO ORDER!!

**FITS ANY FINGER!**

**LIMITED SUPPLY!  
HURRY!**

**EASY TO GET! LUCKY TO WEAR!**  
Yes, it's lucky to wear a ring with your own initials! And everyone will ask, "Where did you get it?"—when they see your beautiful big gold-plated ring with your own initials in massive letters! And what a value—only 25¢, plus front panel of any Smith Bros. box. Limited supply—hurry!

**AND THE BEST TASTING COUGH DROPS, TOO!**

**SMITH BROTHERS**  
WILD CHERRY  
COUGH DROPS

I am enclosing 25¢ plus the front panel of one Smith Brothers box, any flavor, for which please send me the "Good Luck" Ring with my initials.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(PLEASE PRINT WITH PENCIL)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Initials for Ring \_\_\_\_\_  
(FIRST) (LAST)

Send to Smith Bros., P.O. Box 424, Providence, R. I.

**ONLY 25¢**  
WITH FRONT COVER OF ANY  
SMITH BROTHERS BOX  
Send to SMITH BROTHERS,  
Box 424, Providence, R. I.



# Hobo HI-JINX

**Z**OOT WAS GLUM as he dressed up for Cookie's birthday party. He didn't particularly relish the idea of going, because he knew that Angelpuss Witherspoon would ignore him all evening and would have eyes only for tonight's center of attraction...Cookie O'Toole. The only reason Zoot was determined to attend was that he had some faint hope that he'd be able to *spoil* the party somehow.

Yes, if only he could shame Cookie in Angel's eyes, so that she'd sneer at him and think he was beneath her...then he, Zoot, would have eliminated his strongest rival for Angel's affections. But how to do it...*how*?

That question was plaguing Zoot as he made his way out the front door of his home...and bumped square into the sorriest-looking, most bedraggled tramp he had ever seen. The hobo had just been about to ring the doorbell, but when he saw Zoot, he grinned toothlessly and clapped Zoot on the shoulders.

"Hiya, son! I'm..."

"You're the answer to my prayers!" Zoot cried as a sudden idea struck him. "You don't have to say a word...I know that you're hungry and you want a hand-out...and I'm going to make sure that you get the biggest feed of your life!"

"That's shore kind o' ya, son," the tramp said. "I'm proud ta say that I'm..."

"Never mind thanking me," Zoot interrupted impatiently. "Just listen to my instructions. I'm taking you to a party where you'll have all the food and drink you want...all you have to do in exchange is say that you're Mr. O'Toole's long-lost brother, come home at last!"

The tramp scratched his week-old beard with a dirty fingernail, and said in bewilderment, "Wal, I'm hungry enuf ta do anythin' fer a square meal...but it's shore funny fer ya ta ask me ta say

m'name's O'Toole, when I'm really..."

"I don't care *who* you really are!" Zoot shouted. "Now come on...the party's probably started already!"

While driving at top speed toward Cookie's house, Zoot was exuberant. When Angelpuss learned about Cookie's hobo uncle, she'd refuse to listen to any denials from the O'Tooles...she'd think they were just too ashamed to admit any kinship to the black sheep of the O'Toole family. And she'd be contemptuous of Cookie himself...she'd never let the fair Witherspoon name be besmirched by associating herself with a boy from such a family. And then he, Zoot, would be right there to take Angelpuss away, casually reminding her that *his* family record was a noble one!

When Cookie opened the door of his house in response to Zoot's ring, Zoot pushed the tramp right inside and said, "Here's a birthday present for you, Cookie!"

Instantly, Angelpuss and all the other guests crowded around to peer curiously at the tramp. "Go on, tell 'em who you are," Zoot urged the hobo.

"Ya mean, tell 'em who I *really* am?" the hobo asked.

"Of course," Zoot said impatiently.

The tramp shrugged. "Wal, ya asked me ta say m'name was O'Toole...but now that ya want me ta tell da *truth*, I'm really *your uncle*, son!"

At this point, the tramp clapped the horrified Zoot on his back, and continued, "Yup, the moment I saw ya at yore house, I knew ya were m'nephew...cuz ye're the image o' m'brother!"

"Oh, Zoot!" Angelpuss cried. "A tramp in your family? How *awful*!"

"Bab!" said Zoot. "Let's get out of here, *uncle*!"



# STARLET O'HARA

## IN HOLLYWOOD

HOLY COW, STARLET! DON'T TELL ME **ANOTHER** LOAD OF FAN MAIL'S COME IN!--I JUST FINISHED DELIVERING THAT BATCH THAT CAME THIS MORNING, AND I'M **WOOFED!**

**RELAX, FRITZI!** WE'LL HAVE LUNCH AT THE STUDIO COMMISSARY, AND I'LL HELP YOU WITH IT THIS AFTER-NOON!



OKAY, LET'S GO! MAYBE AFTER I EAT SOMETHING, I'LL FEEL A LITTLE STRONGER! **RIGHT NOW, I'D SWEAR A TRANS-FUSION WOULDN'T HELP ME!**

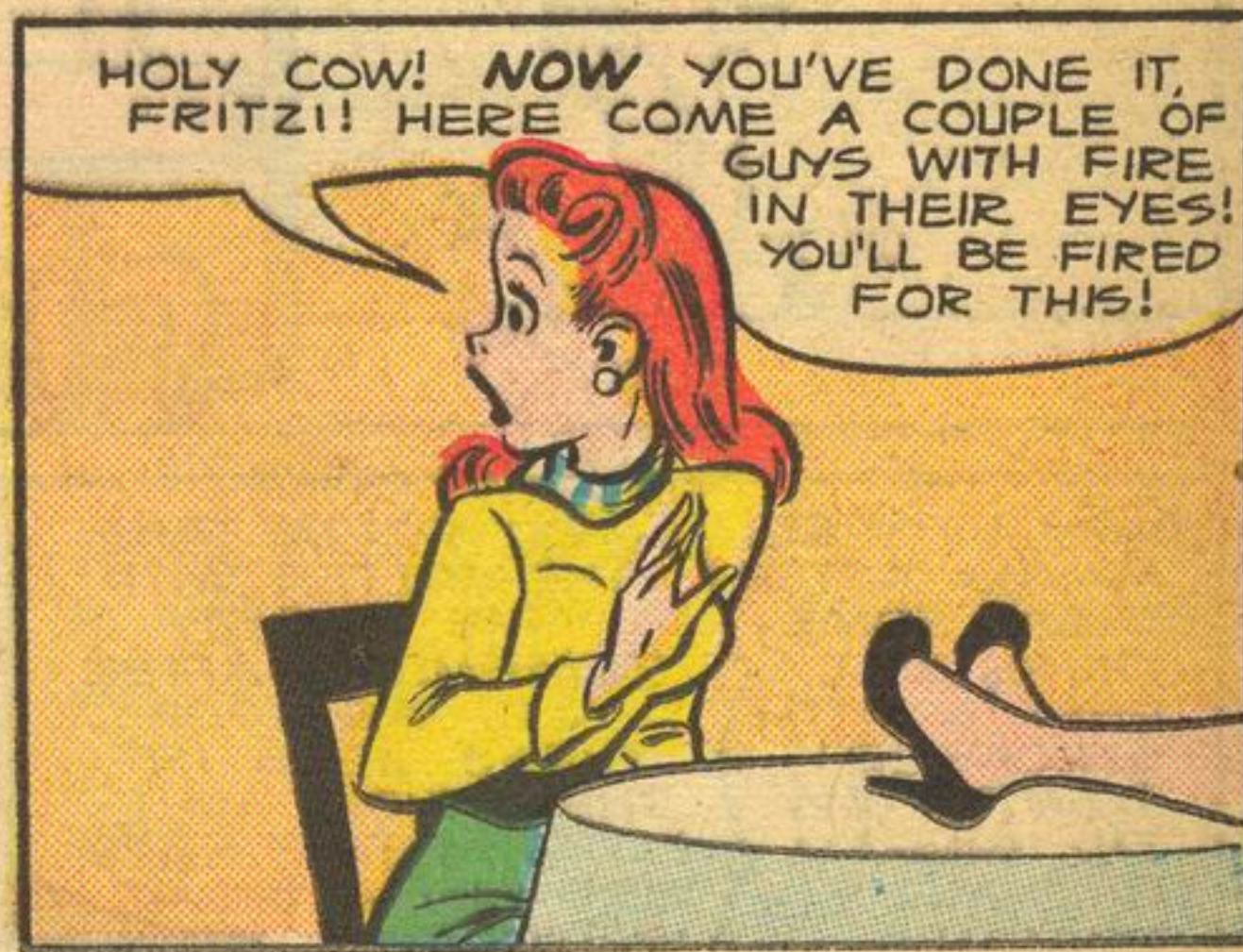
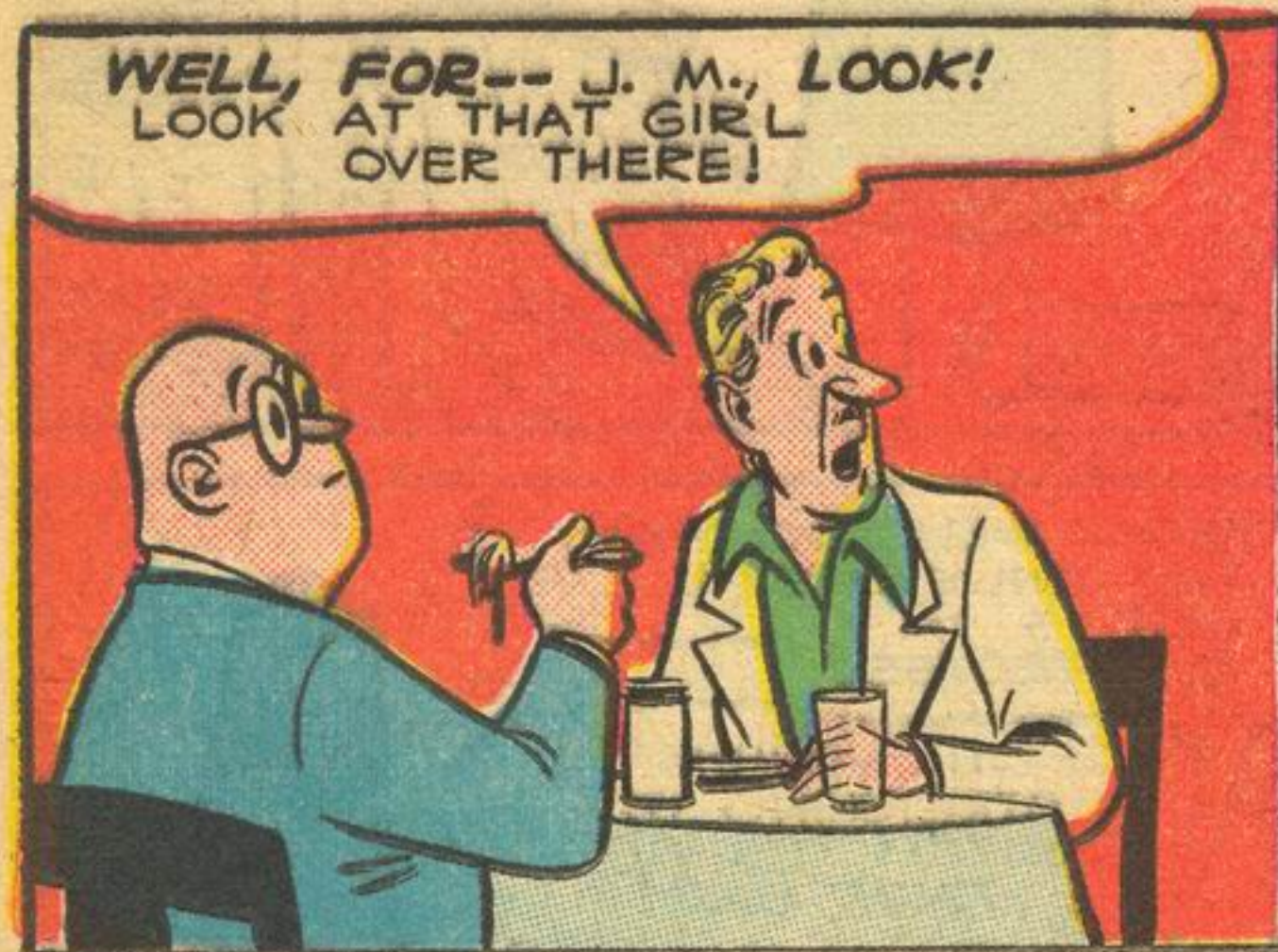
YOU GOTTA TAKE THE BITTER WITH THE SWEET, REMEMBER! AFTER ALL, WE TOOK THESE JOBS IN THE STUDIO MAIL ROOM IN THE HOPE WE'D GET A BREAK IN PICTURES!

YEAH? WELL, SO FAR, THE ONLY BREAK I'VE GOT IS IN MY **ARCHES!**

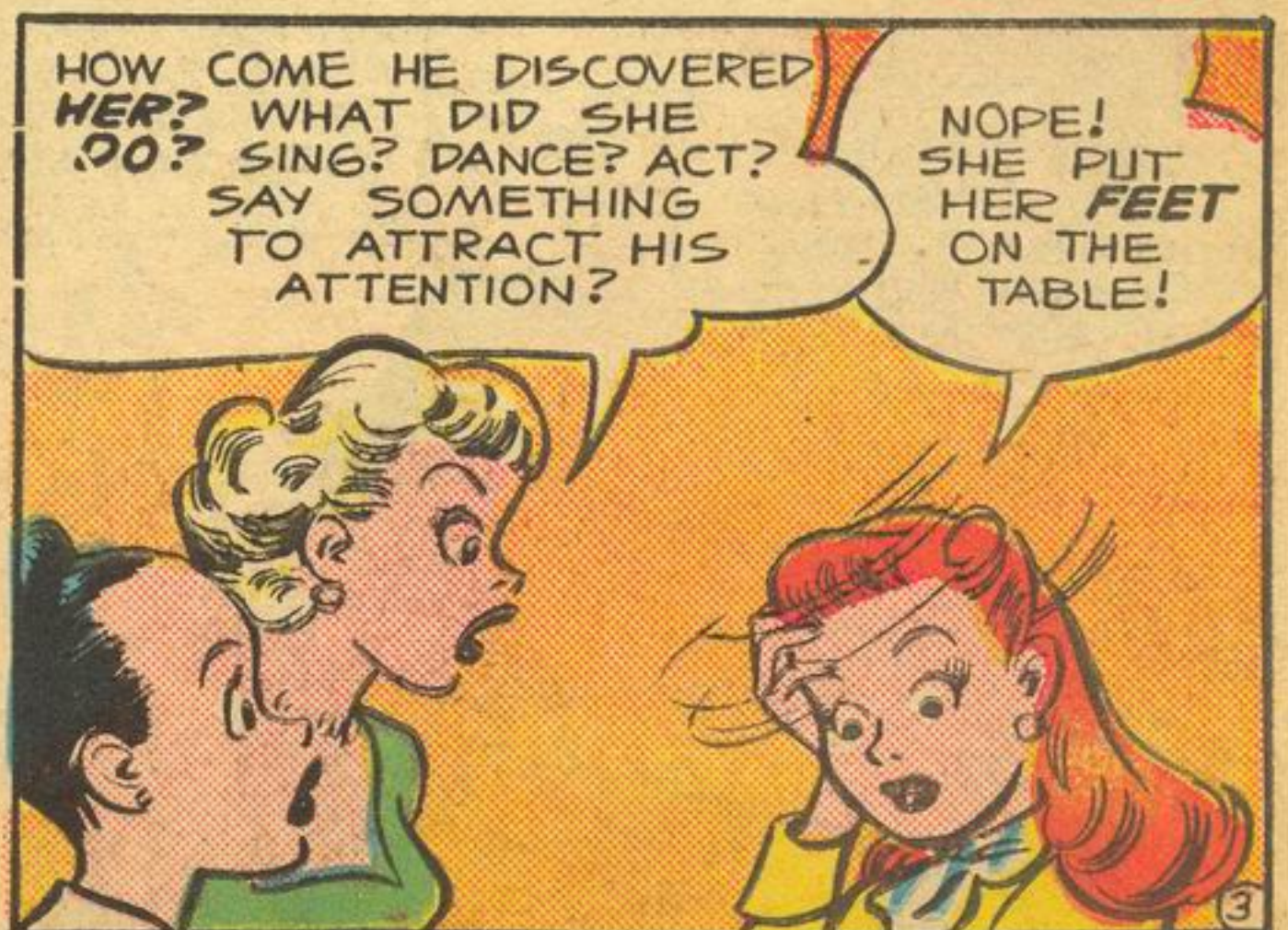
OH, YOU'RE STRETCHING IT, FRITZI! IT'S NOT **THAT** BAD!



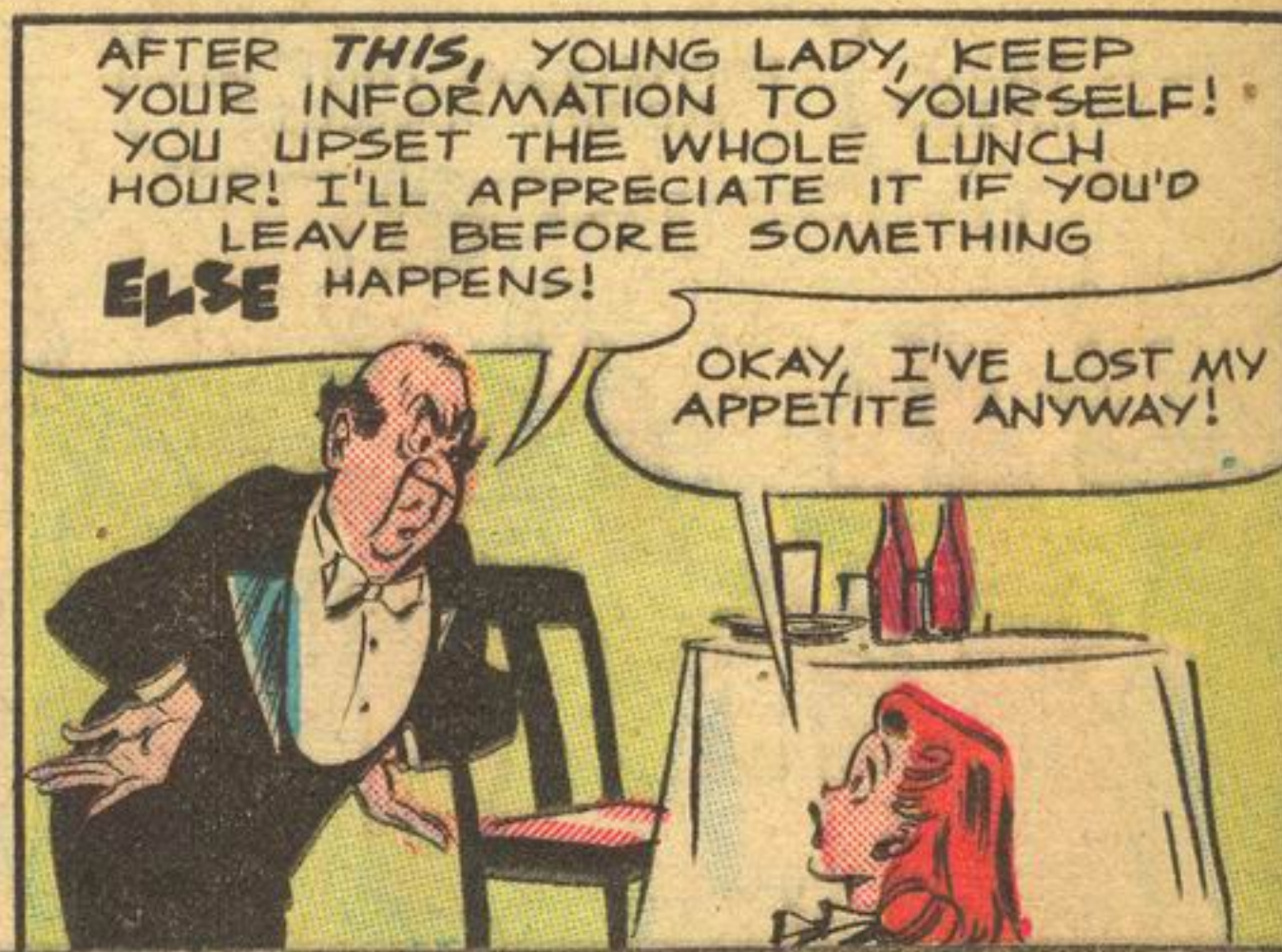
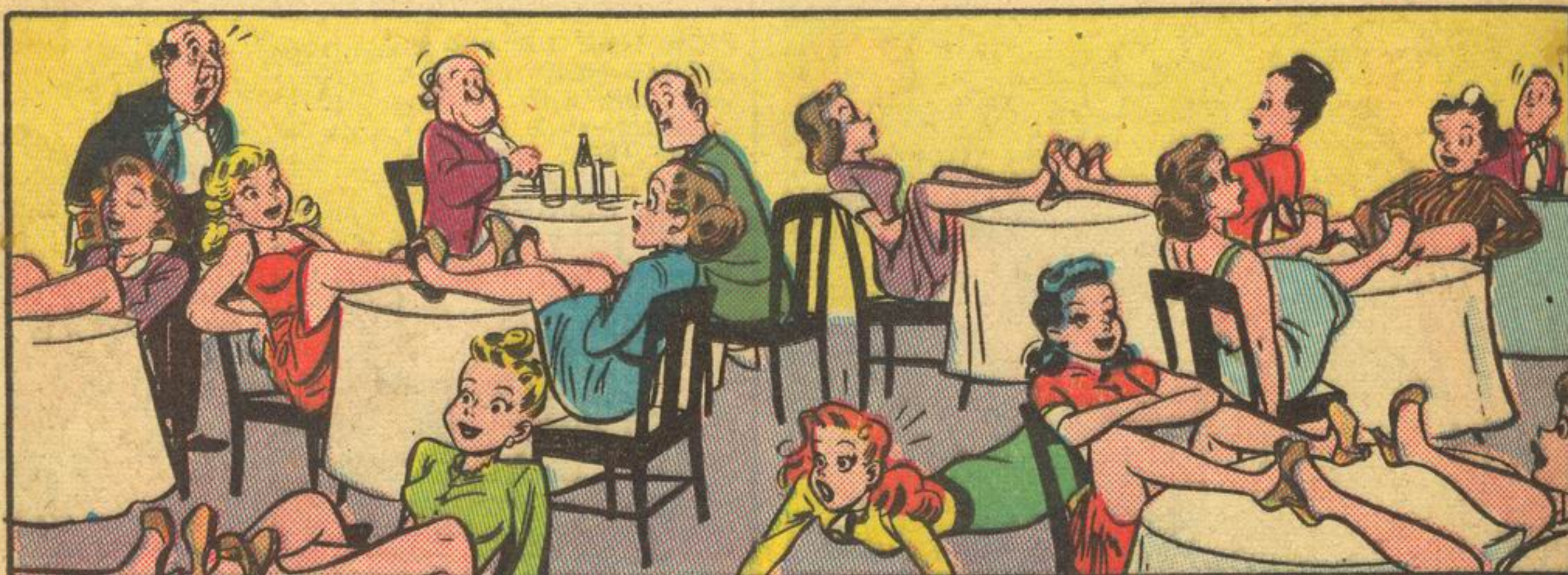
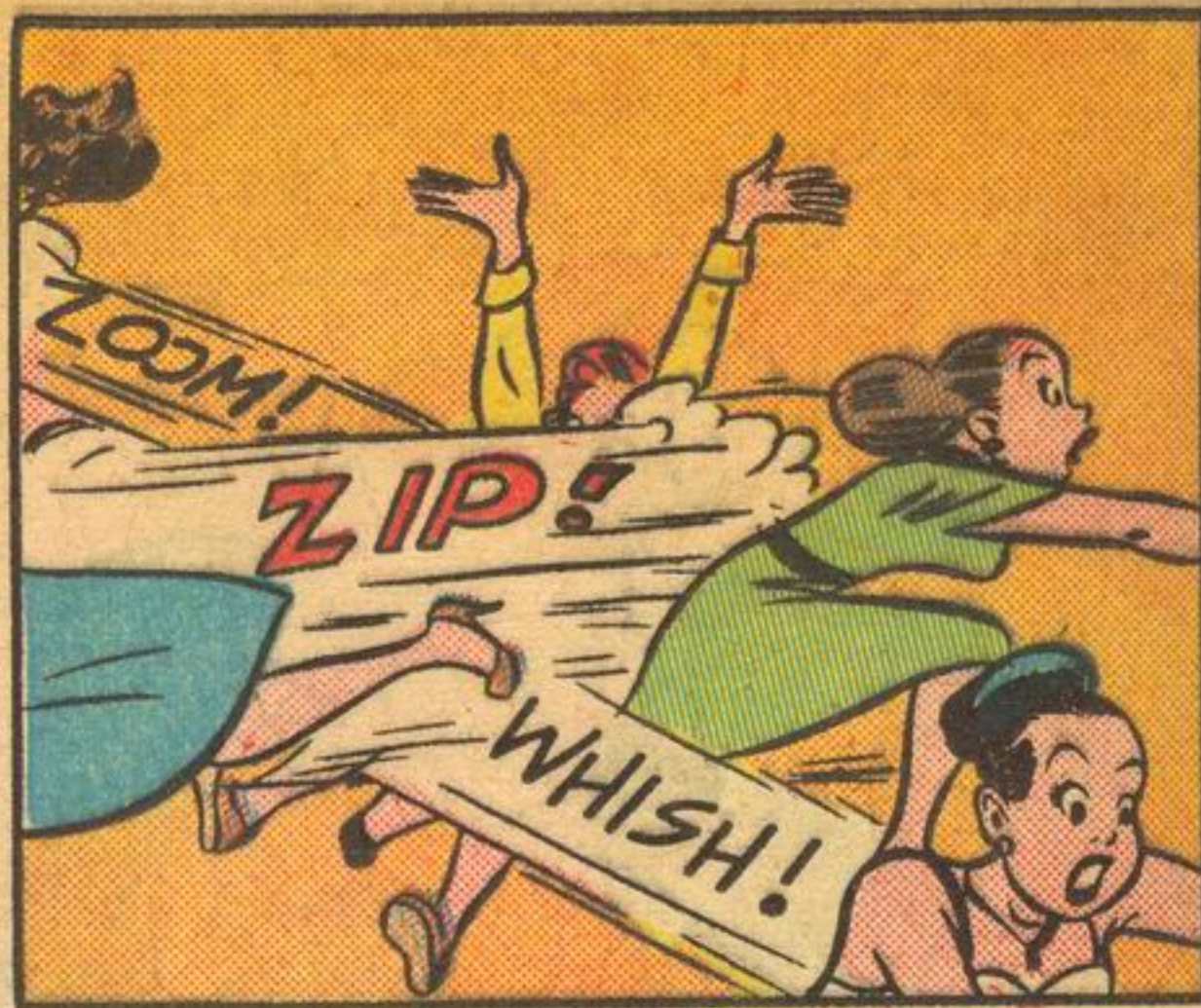




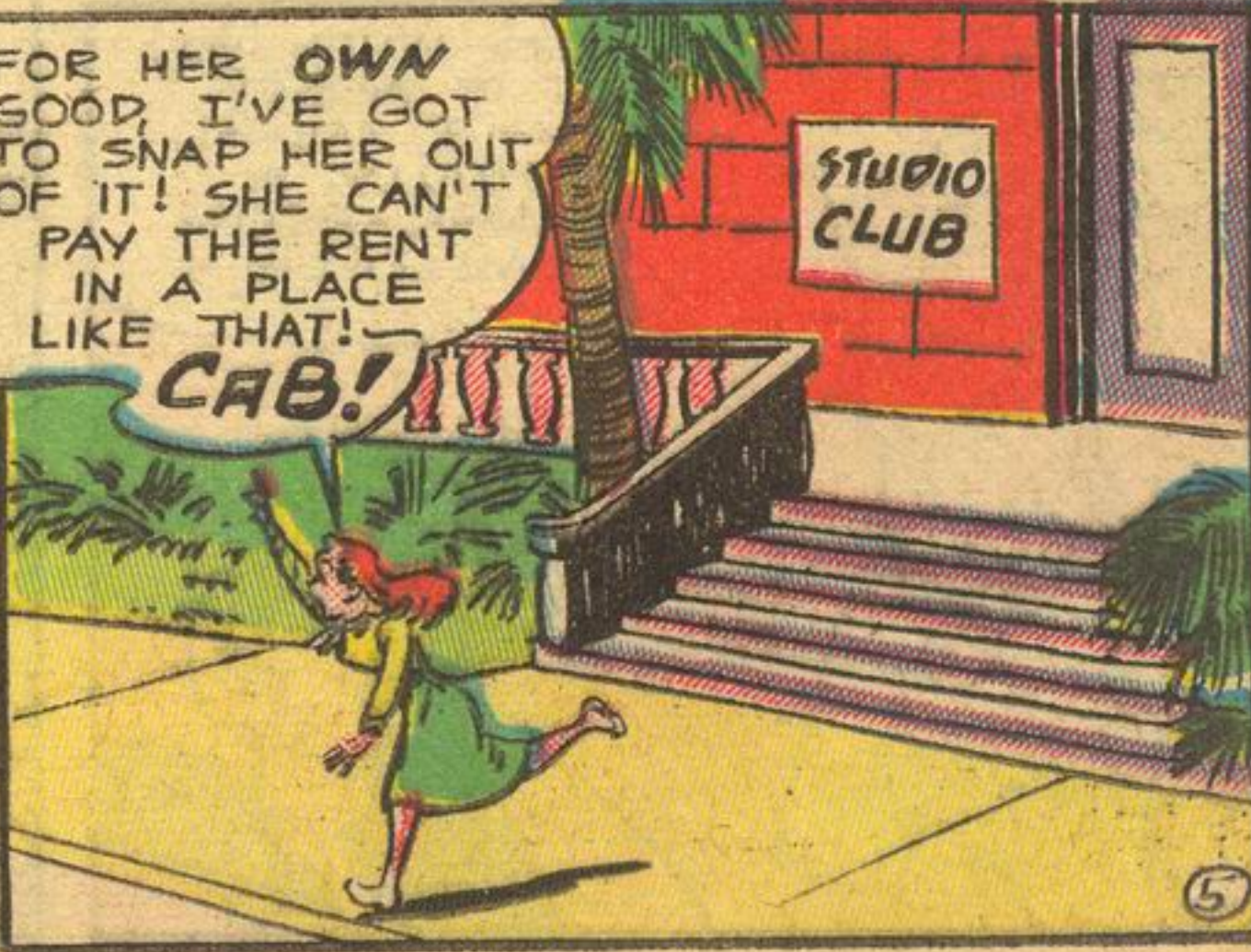
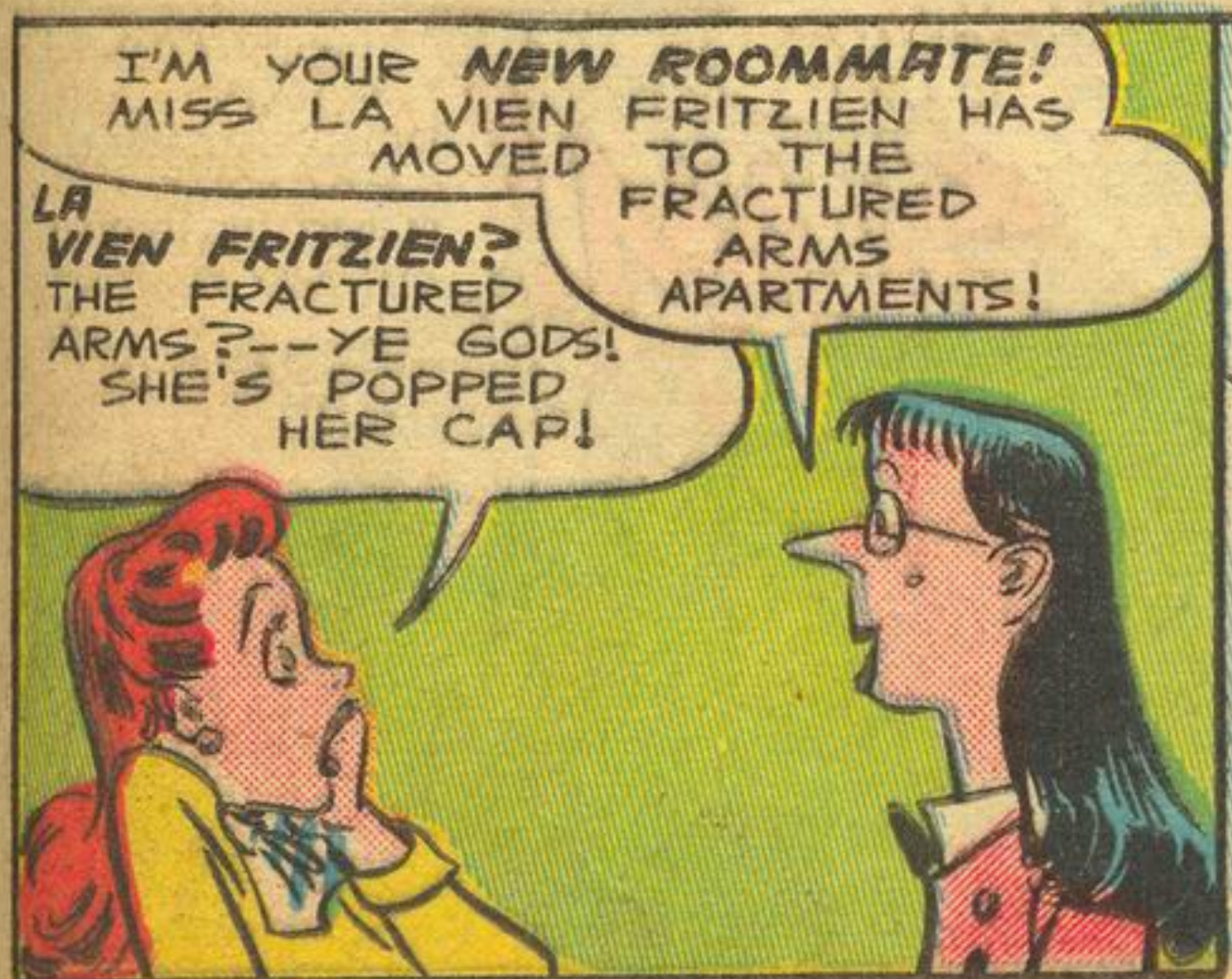
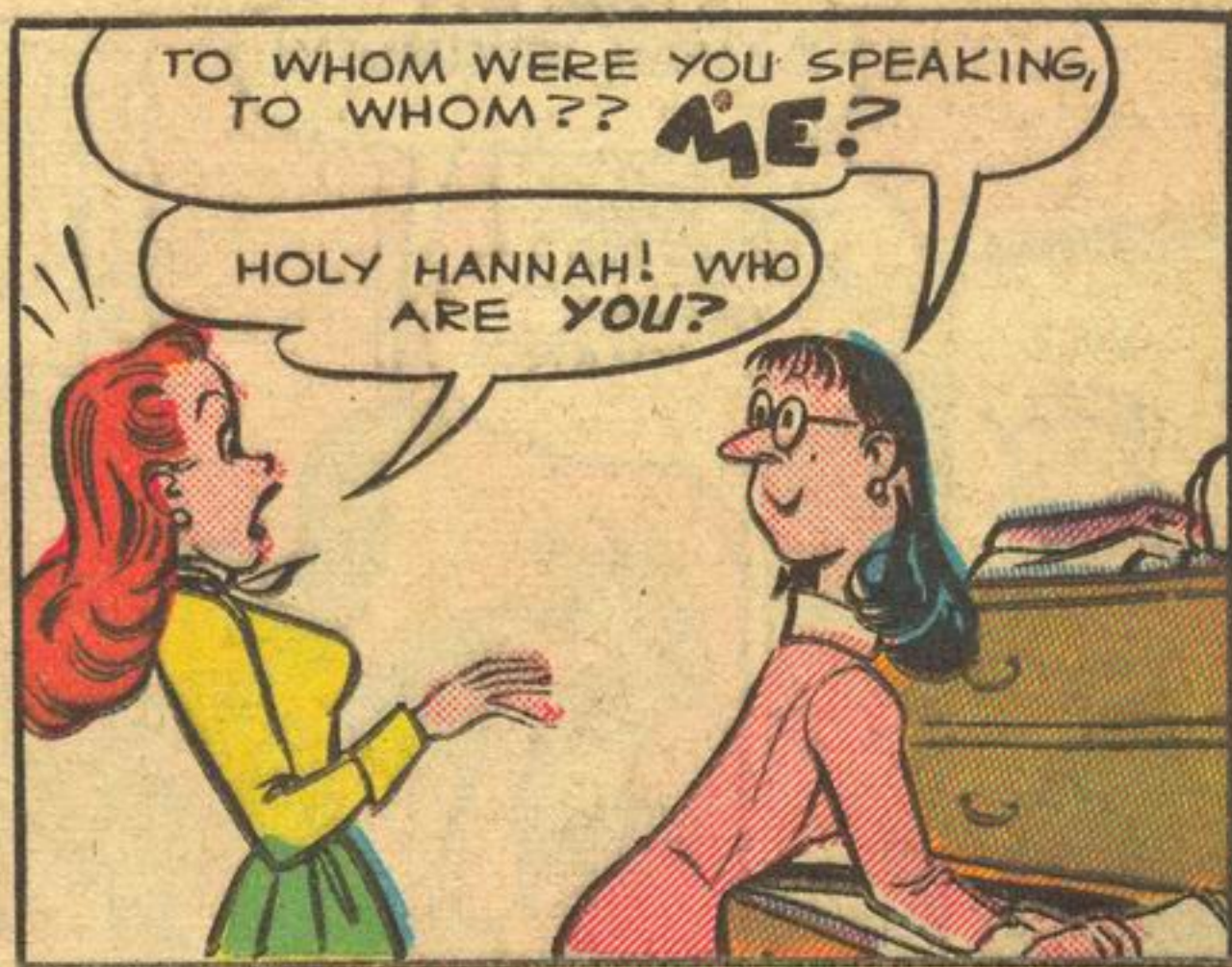




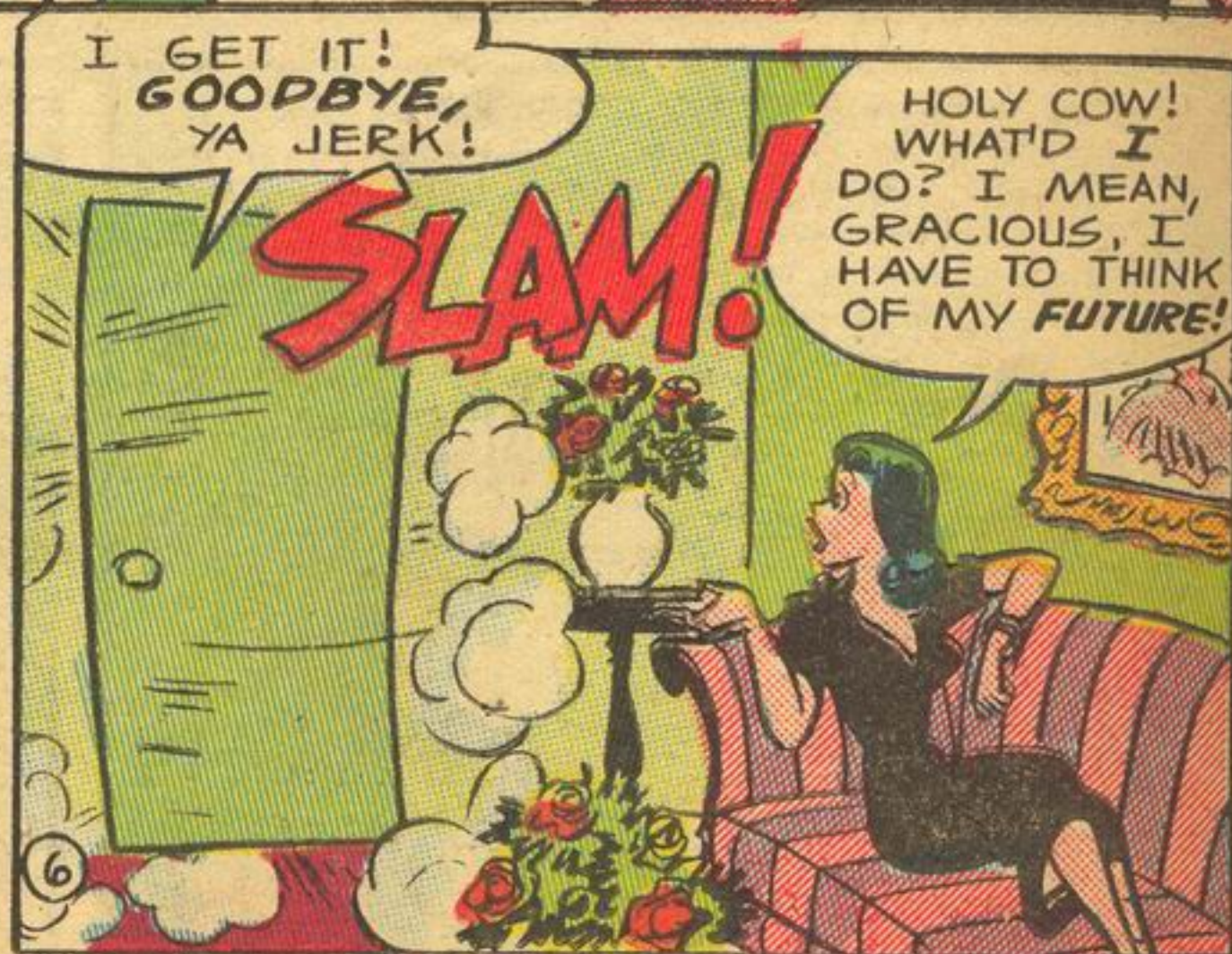








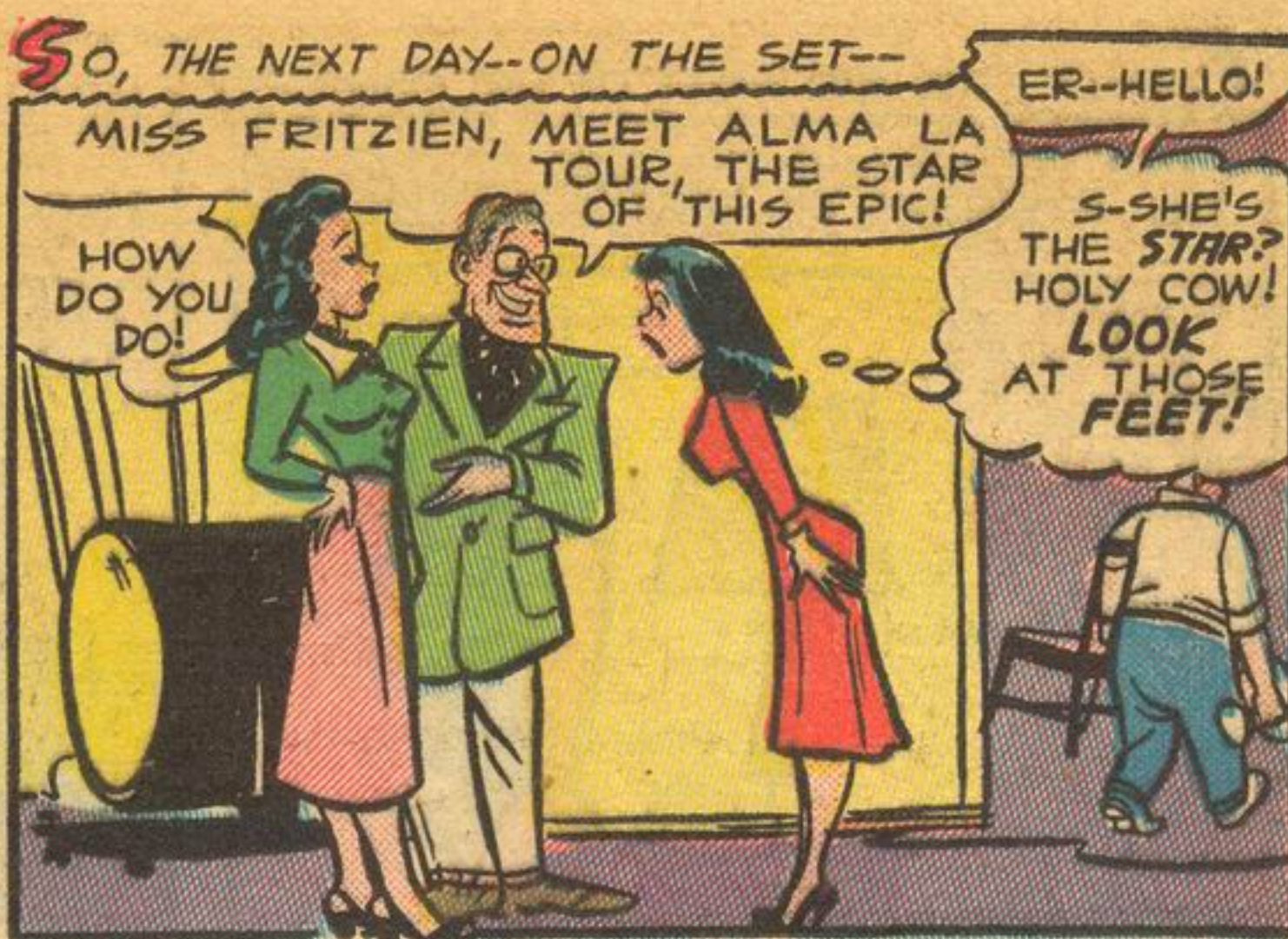








AFTER ALL, ONCE THE PUBLIC SEES ME, I'LL BE A **STAR!** AND A **STAR** CAN'T HAVE JUST **ANYBODY** FOR A FRIEND! HM! MAYBE I CAN GIVE STARLET A JOB AS MY MAID AFTER MY FIRST PICTURE--AND THEN SHE WON'T BE **MAD** ANYMORE!



SO, THE NEXT DAY--ON THE SET--  
MISS FRITZIEN, MEET ALMA LA TOUR, THE STAR OF THIS EPIC!  
HOW DO YOU DO!

ER--HELLO!  
S-SHE'S THE **STAR**?  
HOLY COW!  
**LOOK**  
AT THOSE **FEET!**



ALL RIGHT, QUIET--**QUIET!**  
--MISS FRITZIEN, YOU WILL WALK UP THE STAIRS OVER THERE AND THEN PAUSE!  
--GOT IT?

YES, SIR!



OKAY!  
GET READY  
TO ROLL!



GOOD! GOOD!--  
**CUT!** NOW WE MOVE ONTO SET 7, WHERE YOU'LL WALK DOWN A **DIFFERENT** STAIRWAY, MISS FRITZIEN!

A--  
**DIFFERENT--**  
**STAIRWAY?**



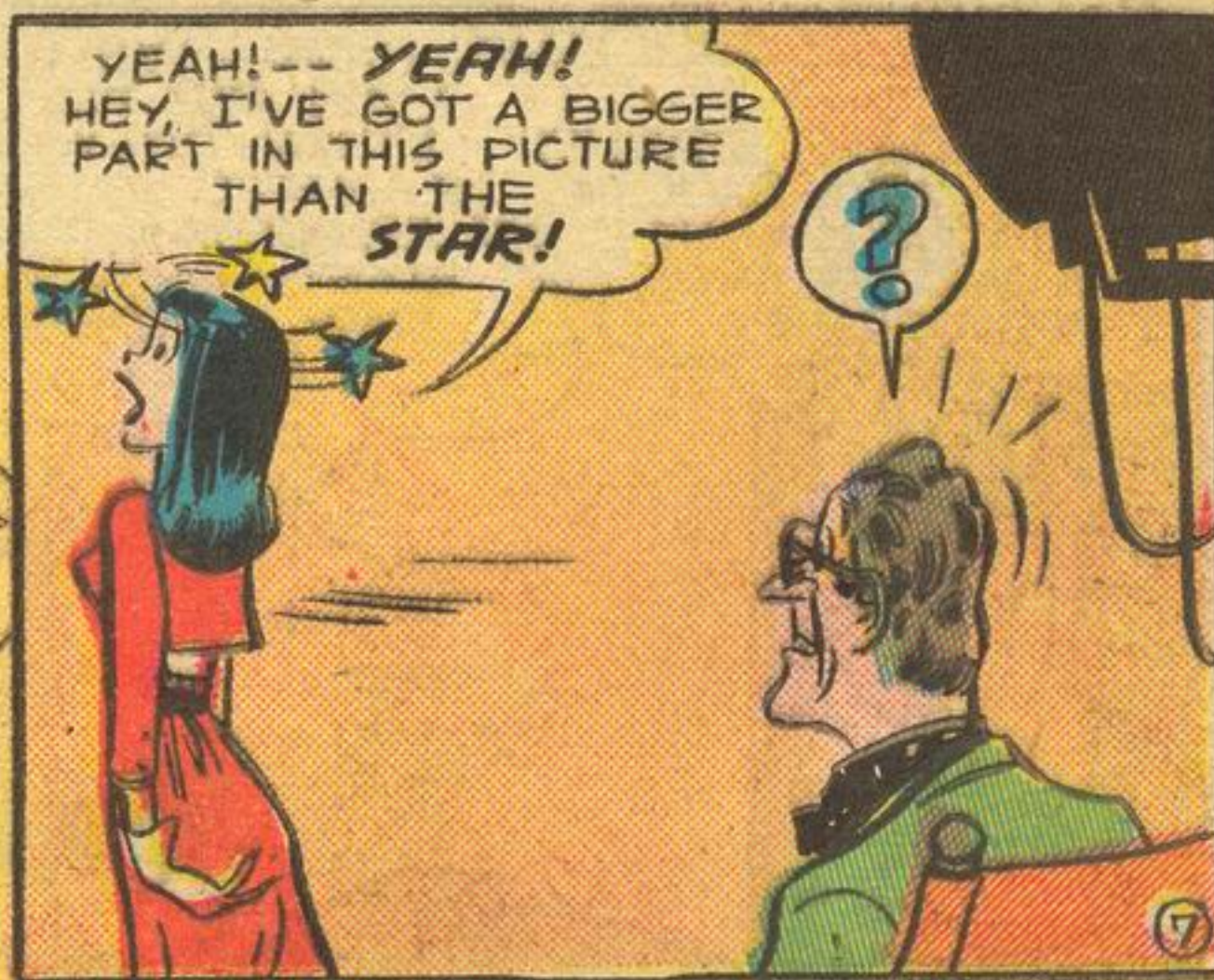
12 HOURS LATER--  
GREAT! CUT IT AND CAN IT! WE'LL SHOOT SCENE 20 NOW, WHERE SHE **WALKS UP THE STONE CASTLE STEPS!**

**MORE??**



**JUST A MINUTE!** I'VE WALKED UP AND DOWN OVER 50 STAIRS! BUT I HAVEN'T **SAID A WORD!** WHAT'S THIS FILM ALL ABOUT?

THE TITLE OF THE PICTURE IS "**FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS**"-- DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?



**YEAH!-- YEAH!** HEY, I'VE GOT A BIGGER PART IN THIS PICTURE THAN THE **STAR!**

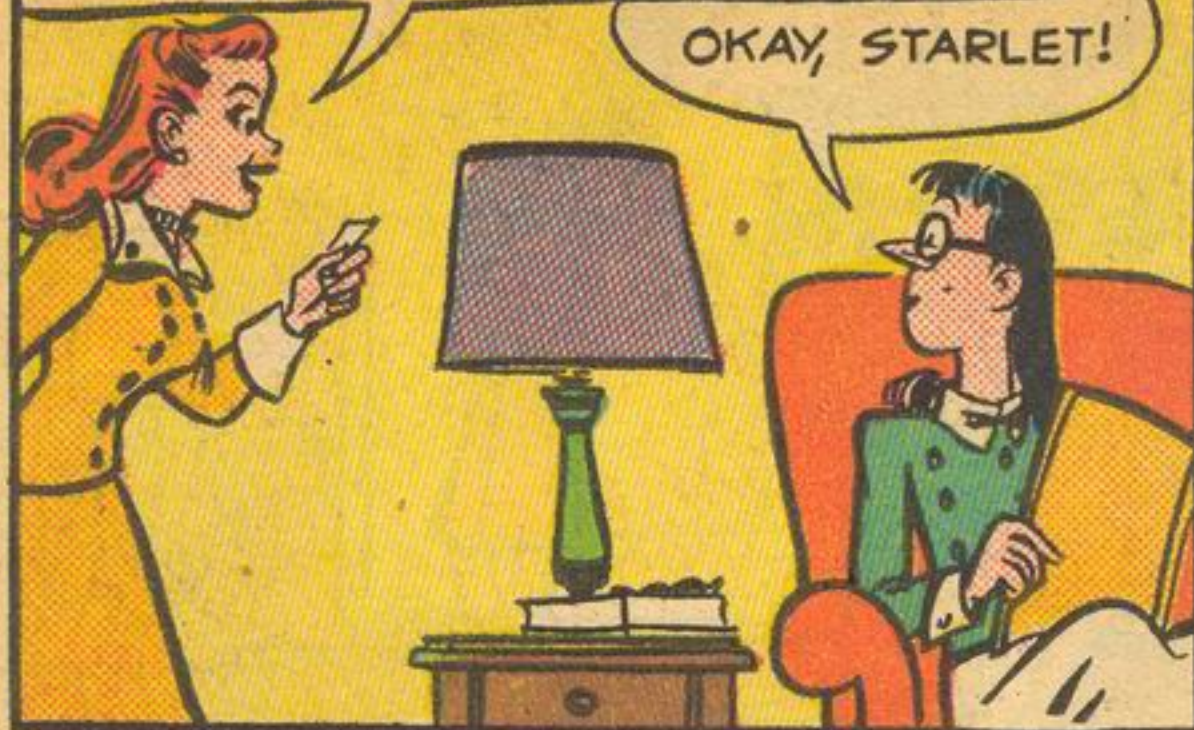
?



**F**INALLY, THE BIG NIGHT OF THE PREMIERE!

COME ON, MARIAN! I'VE GOT TICKETS TO THE PREMIERE OF FRITZI'S PICTURE!

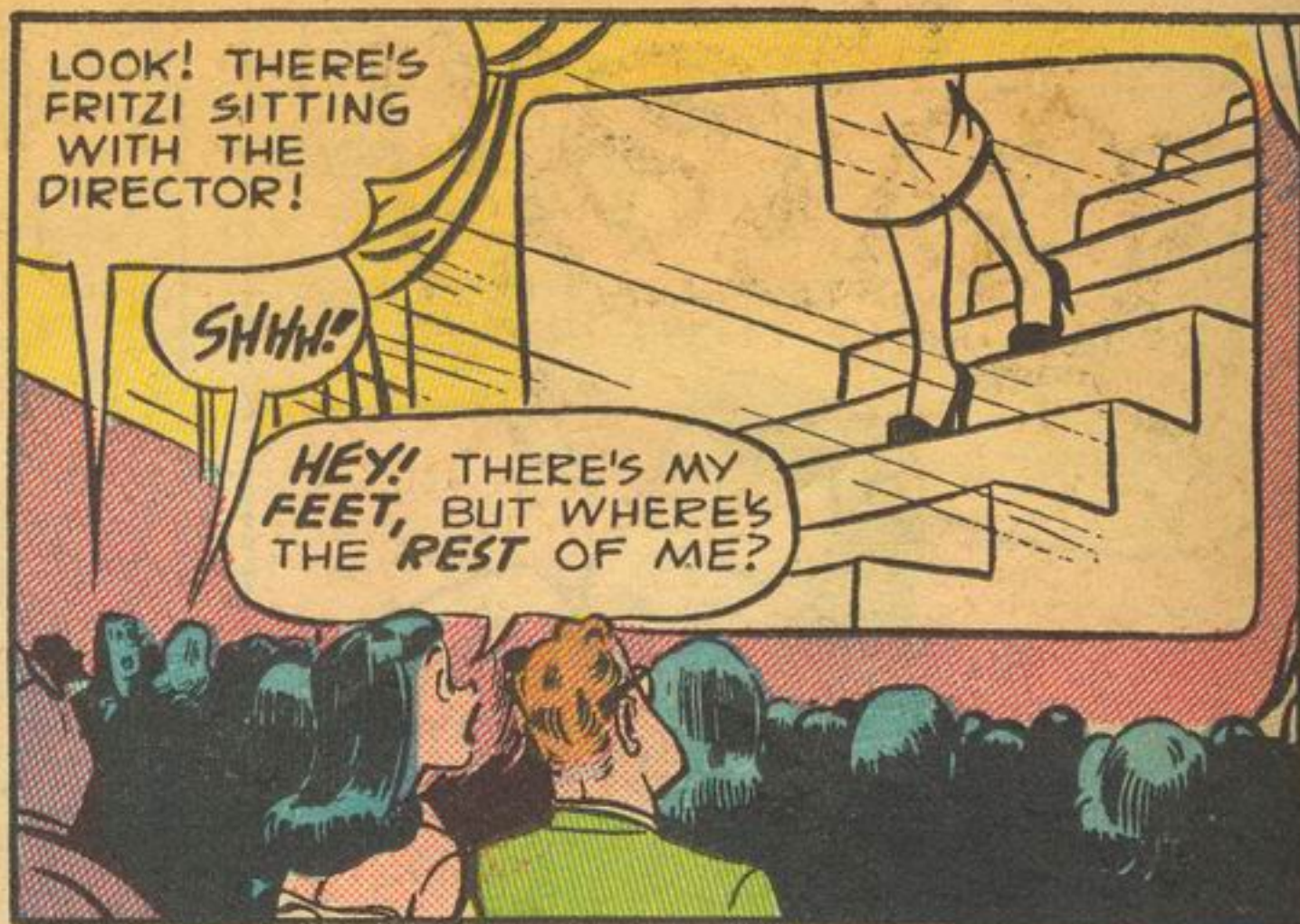
OKAY, STARLET!



LOOK! THERE'S FRITZI SITTING WITH THE DIRECTOR!

SHHH!

HEY! THERE'S MY FEET, BUT WHERE'S THE REST OF ME?



WHY, THERE **ISN'T** ANY REST OF YOU! YOU SEE, YOUR **FEET** IN THIS PICTURE ARE **SUPPOSED** TO BE THOSE OF THE **STAR!** --AFTER ALL, WE COULDN'T LET THE PUBLIC SEE THOSE DOGS OF **HERS!**

AND WHEN J. M. SPOTTED **YOURS**, THEY WERE **PERFECT** TO USE AS DOUBLES!

???

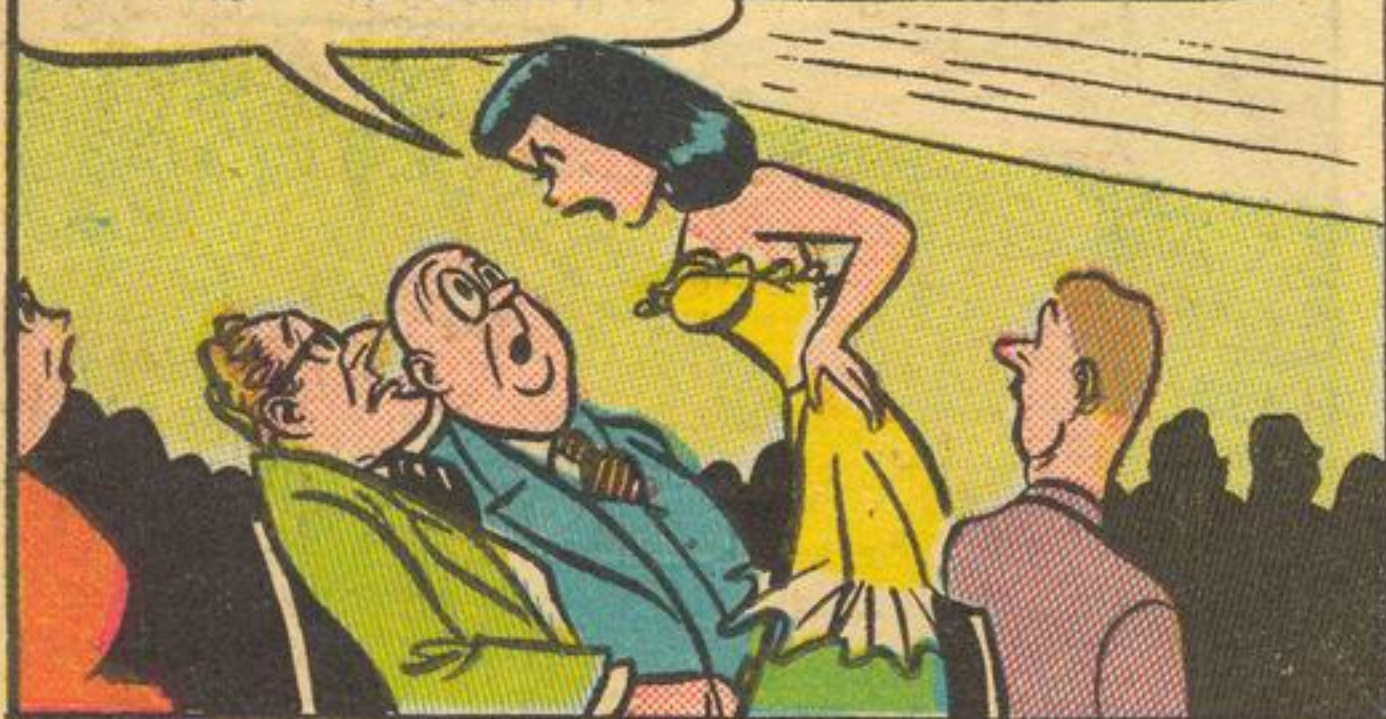


YOUR **FEET** ARE A **BIG SUCCESS**, MY DEAR!

AND WORTH **EVERY DIME** OF THE **HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK** WE'LL PAY YOU FOR THEM!



**WHY, YOU NO-GOOD, CHEAP, CHISELING, MEAN JERKS!** YOU'VE MADE A **FOOL** OUT OF ME AND LED ME TO BELIEVE I HAD A **BIG PART** IN THIS PICTURE!



**THIS** FOR YOU AND YOUR CONTRACT! I WOULDN'T WORK FOR YOU AGAIN IF YOU STARRED MY FEET **AND HANDS!**



**S**O, SOMETIME LATER--

AW! **PLEASE**, STARLET! LEMME MOVE BACK IN WITH YOU! I ADMIT I WAS WRONG AND I APOLOGIZE!

HMM!-- WELL, YOU **DID** TELL THEM OFF, WHICH SHOWED YOU HAD **SPUNK**, IF NOTHING ELSE!-- OKAY, ON **ONE CONDITION**, FRITZI!



**So!**

**5,000 TIMES**, STARLET?

THAT'S RIGHT! EITHER YOU SCRIBBLE "**I'M A JERK**" 5,000 TIMES, OR YOU DON'T MOVE BACK!





# Petey

HEY, JAZZY!  
HOW ABOUT LENDIN'  
ME SOME LOOT? ALL  
I'VE GOT IS A NICKEL, AND  
I WANTA GET AN **H-  
BOMB SUNDAE!**

GET LOST,  
LUNKHEAD!  
WODDYA THINK  
I AM, THE  
MINT?

MAC, I'M  
DYIN' FOR A BIG  
FAT MESS OF  
**ICE CREAM--**  
HOW MUCH CAN  
I GET FOR  
FIVE CENTS?

Y' CAN  
GET A  
**CONE** FOR  
A NICKEL!

HOW MUCH ICE CREAM  
IS **THAT?**

ONE SCOOP FULL!

ONE **SCOOP FULL**,  
HUH?---LOOK, COULD  
I **DIP IT OUT MYSELF?**  
THE SCOOP FULL,  
I MEAN!

BUT ONLY  
**ONE**  
**SCOOP FULL**,  
REMEMBER!

OKAY! JUST  
A SEC, AND  
I'LL BE  
RIGHT  
BACK!

OKAY, I'M BACK WITH THE  
**SCOOP!** TAKE THE LID OFF  
THE ICE CREAM CAN!

THAT ISN'T THE  
KIND OF **SCOOP**  
**FULL**, I MEANT,  
JERK! GET  
LOST!

OH, WELL! IT  
WAS A GOOD  
IDEA, ANYWAY!

**WHOP** ★

THE END





## and the GLORIOUS GIRL

THEY WERE SEATED around a small table at the Soda Jerkerie, Cookie, Angelpuss Witherspoon and Jitterbuck Jones. And Angel and Cookie were plying Jit with double-malts... free!

"Please, please!" Angel pleaded with Jit. "It's only *one* date...just for tonight! If you won't date her, I don't know what I'll do! I *promised*!"

"Don't be a heel, Jit!" Cookie added his voice to the argument. "It's a big favor to Angel, dating her cousin. Come on, pal!"

"Pal, nuthin'! I ain't dating any chick named Petunia Untermacher! Boy, I can see her already...short, fat, stringy hair..."

"Jit, please! She'll be here any *second*!" Angel's voice was urgent.

"I should say *not*! Any girl with a name like Petunia Untermacher has *got* to be double-ugly! I'll bet she..." Jit stopped talking as his eyes widened.

There was a girl...a *glorious* girl... a *beautiful* girl...opening the door to the Soda Jerkerie. She was coming in, a tidy little brunette with sparkling eyes and wavy brown hair! She looked uncertainly around and then, smiling,

walked towards *their* table!

Jit's heart began to pound. "I *am* a heel!" he said. "I mean I *was*! I've changed my mind, Angel! I'll be happy to date your cousin!"

"Jit, you're wonderful!" Angel said gratefully.

"You're a pal!" Cookie added his thanks.

She was coming closer now, the glorious girl. She...she was almost at their table! Jit gulped...and gulped again. She had *passed* their table, and was exchanging melodic greeting with a gang in one of the booths.

And the door to the Jerkerie was opening again.

"Petunia!" Angel cried.

"Angelpuss!" cried her cousin.

"Murder!" cried Jit.

"Jitterbuck, I'd like you to meet my cousin, Petunia Untermacher," Angel said. "You know...your date!"

Jit counted silently to ten, as he took in the short fat figure topped by a mop of hair. "I feel as though we've already met," he said finally.

"Oh, aren't you *thweet*!" lisped Petunia. "Ess, oo is!"

"Why," Jit asked himself, groaning, does it always happen to *me*?"

### STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of COOKIE, published Bi-monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1st, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Michel Publications, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183 St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None.; Business Manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member must be given.) Michel Publications, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81 Street, New York, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other

security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

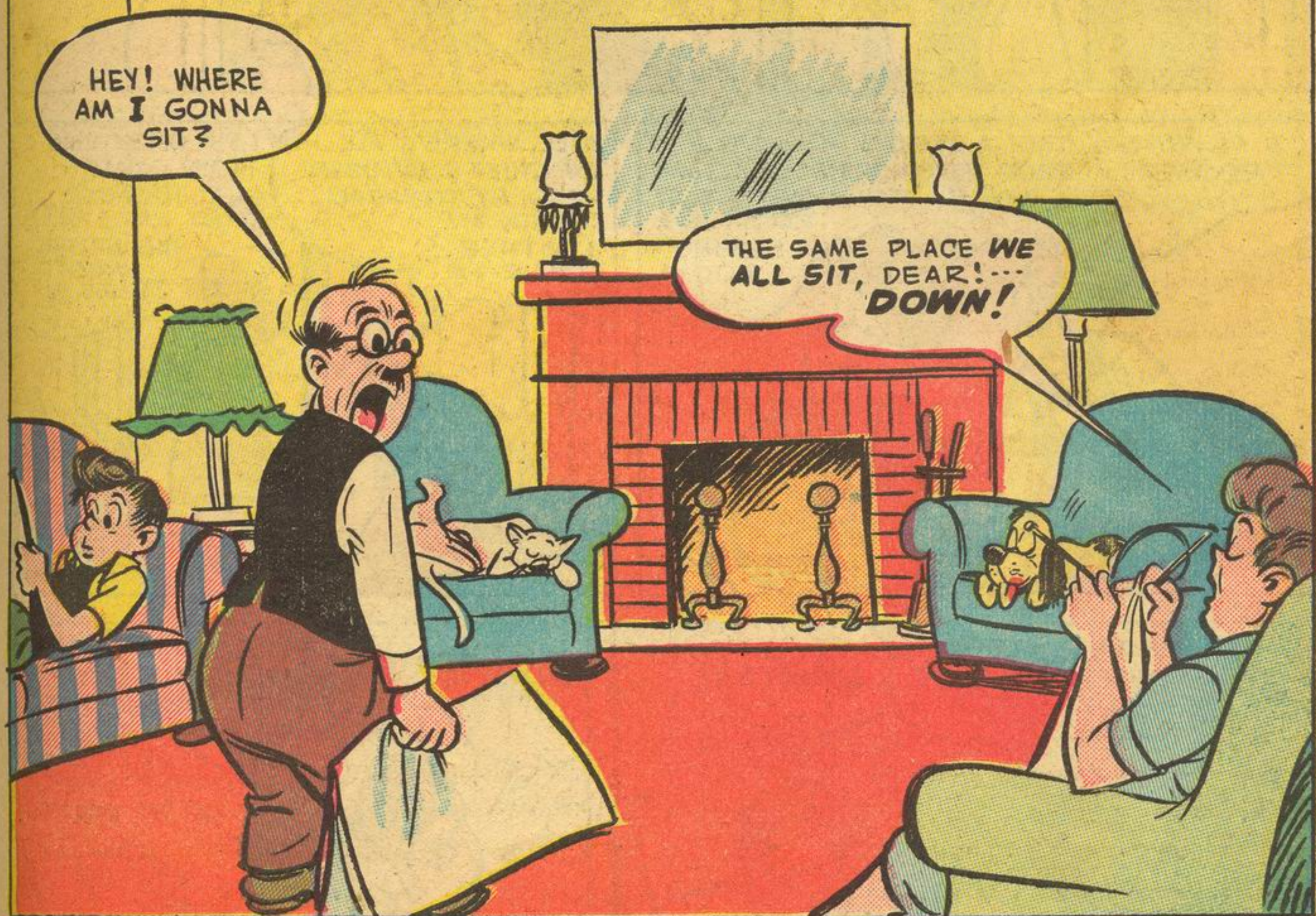
(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1951.

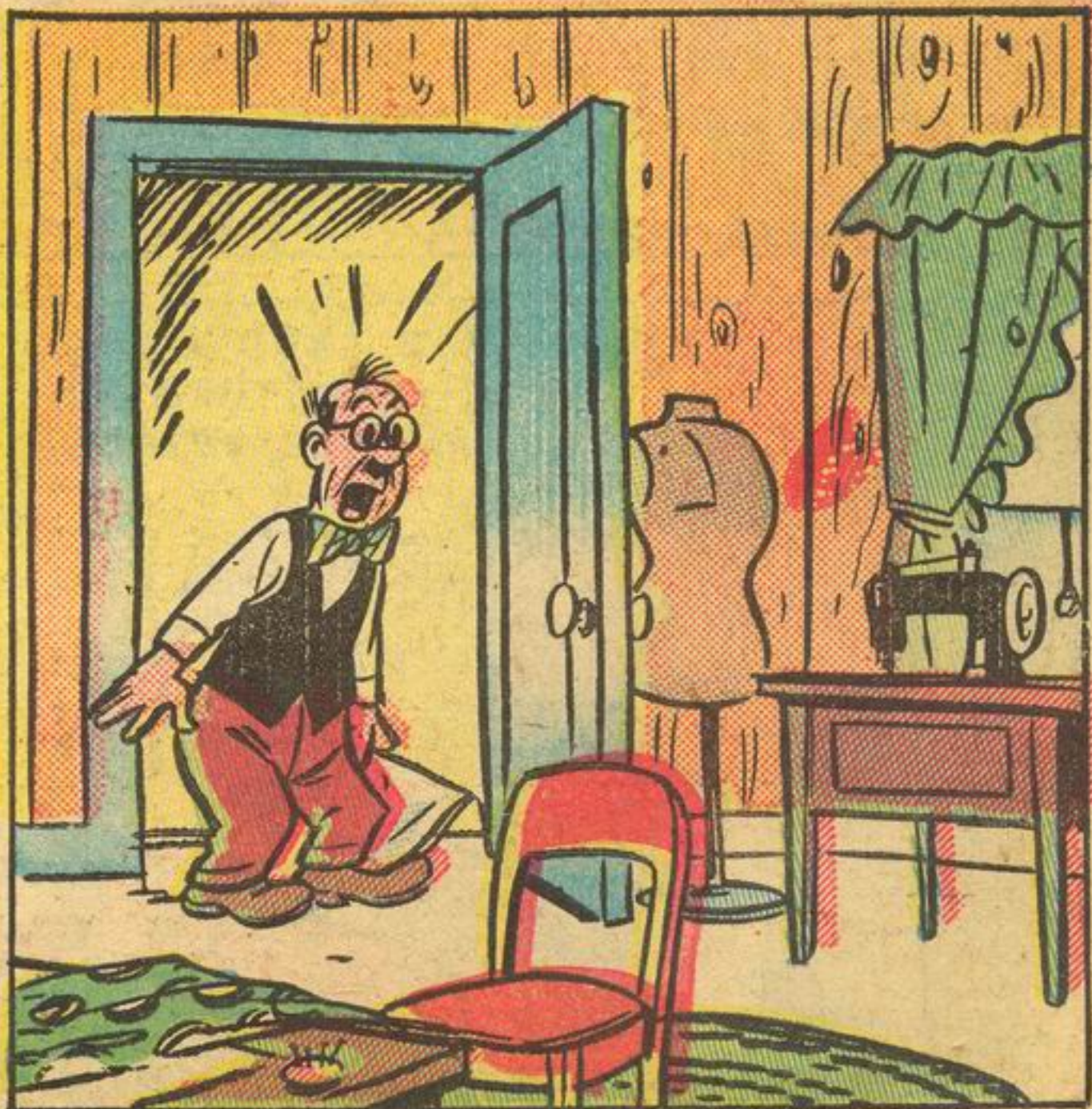
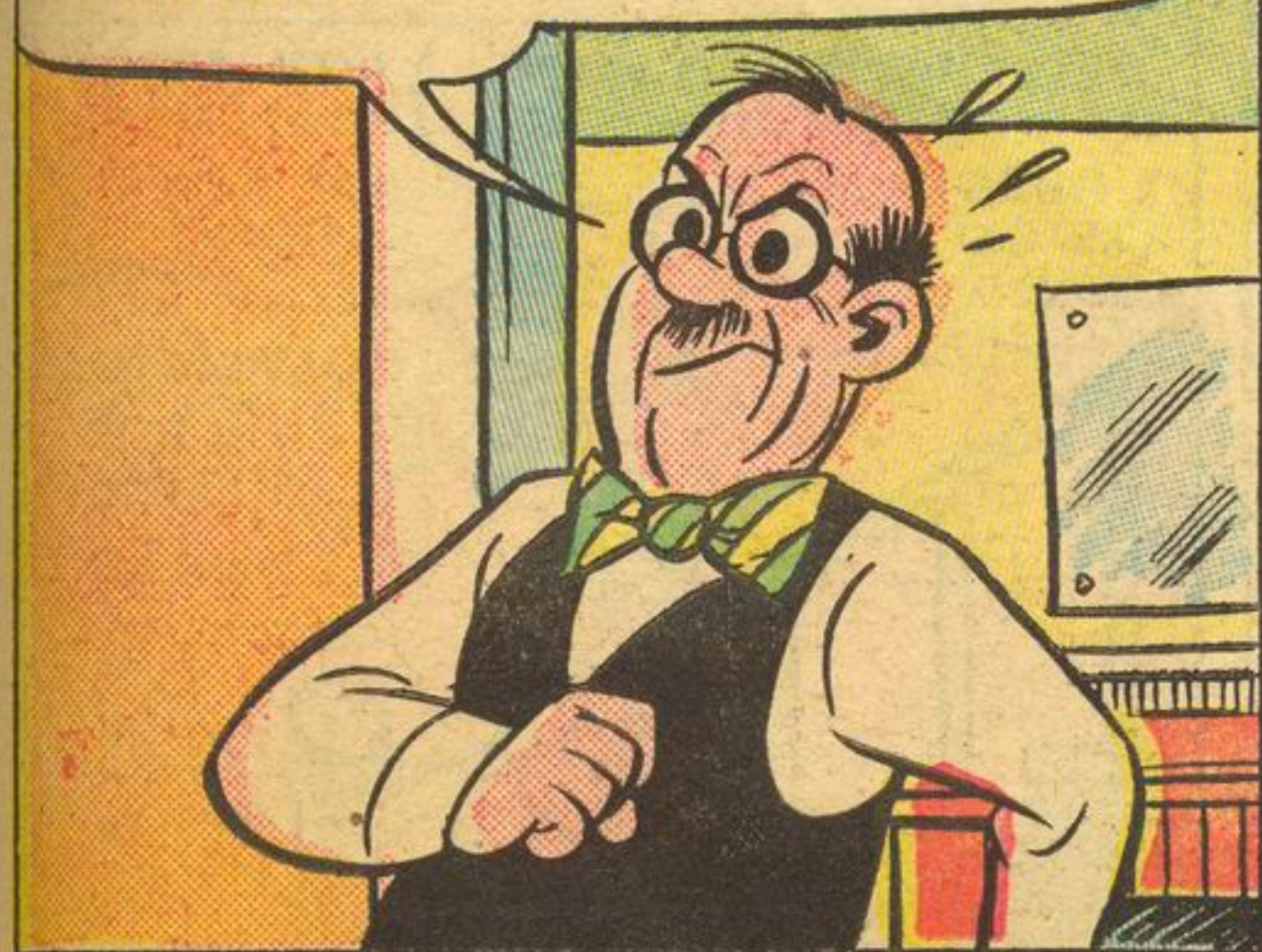
Nat. C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1953)



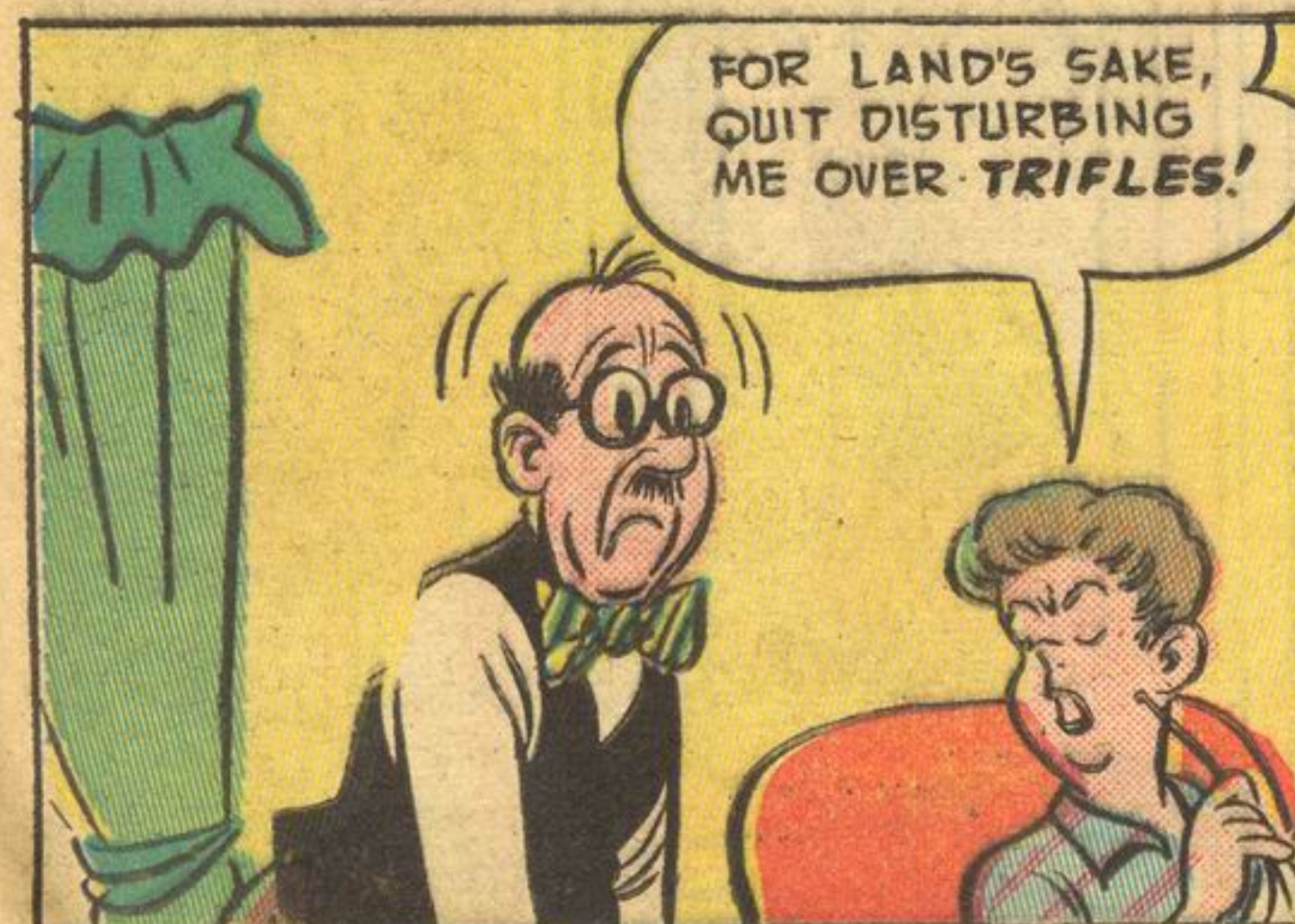
# "COOKIE"



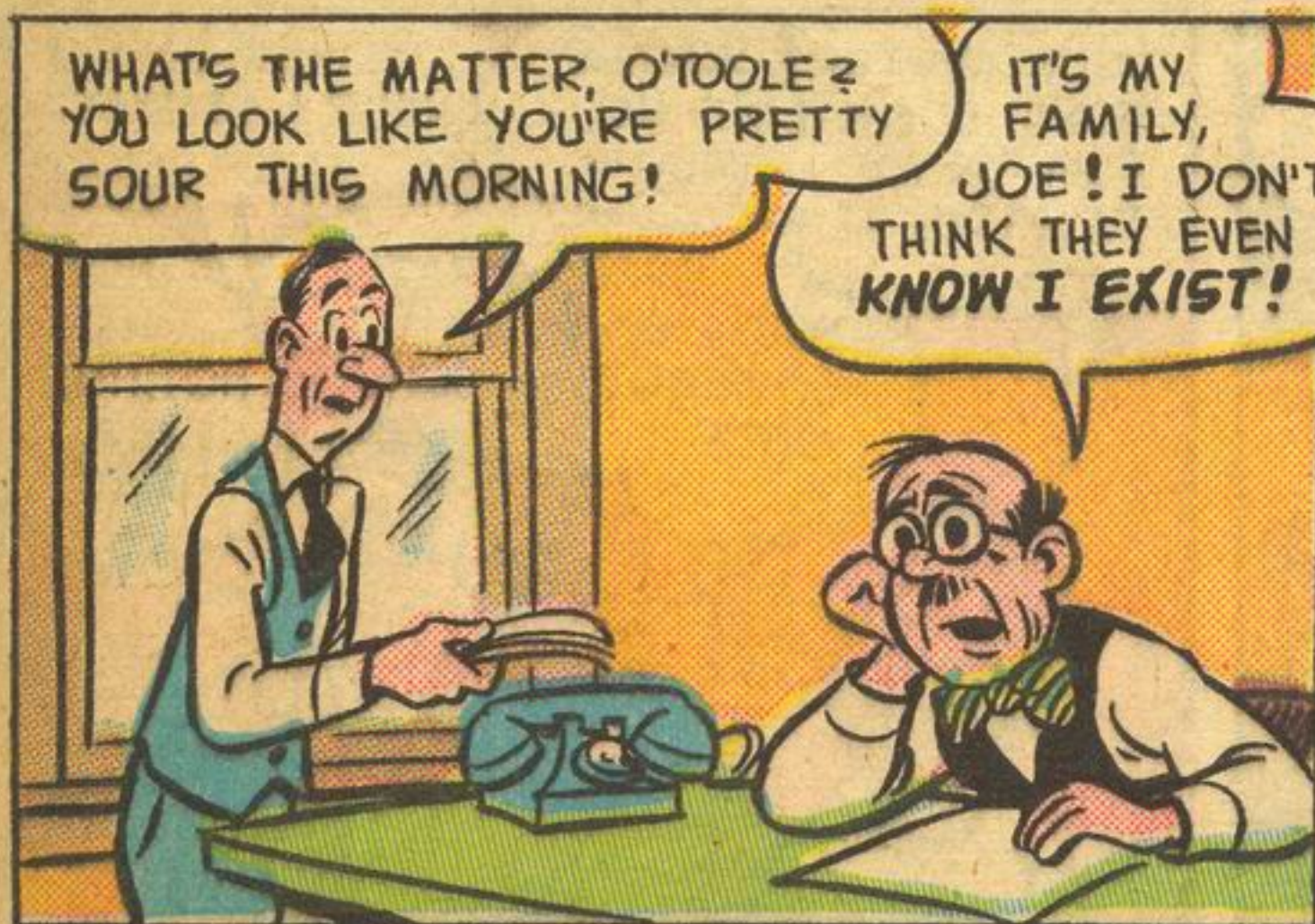
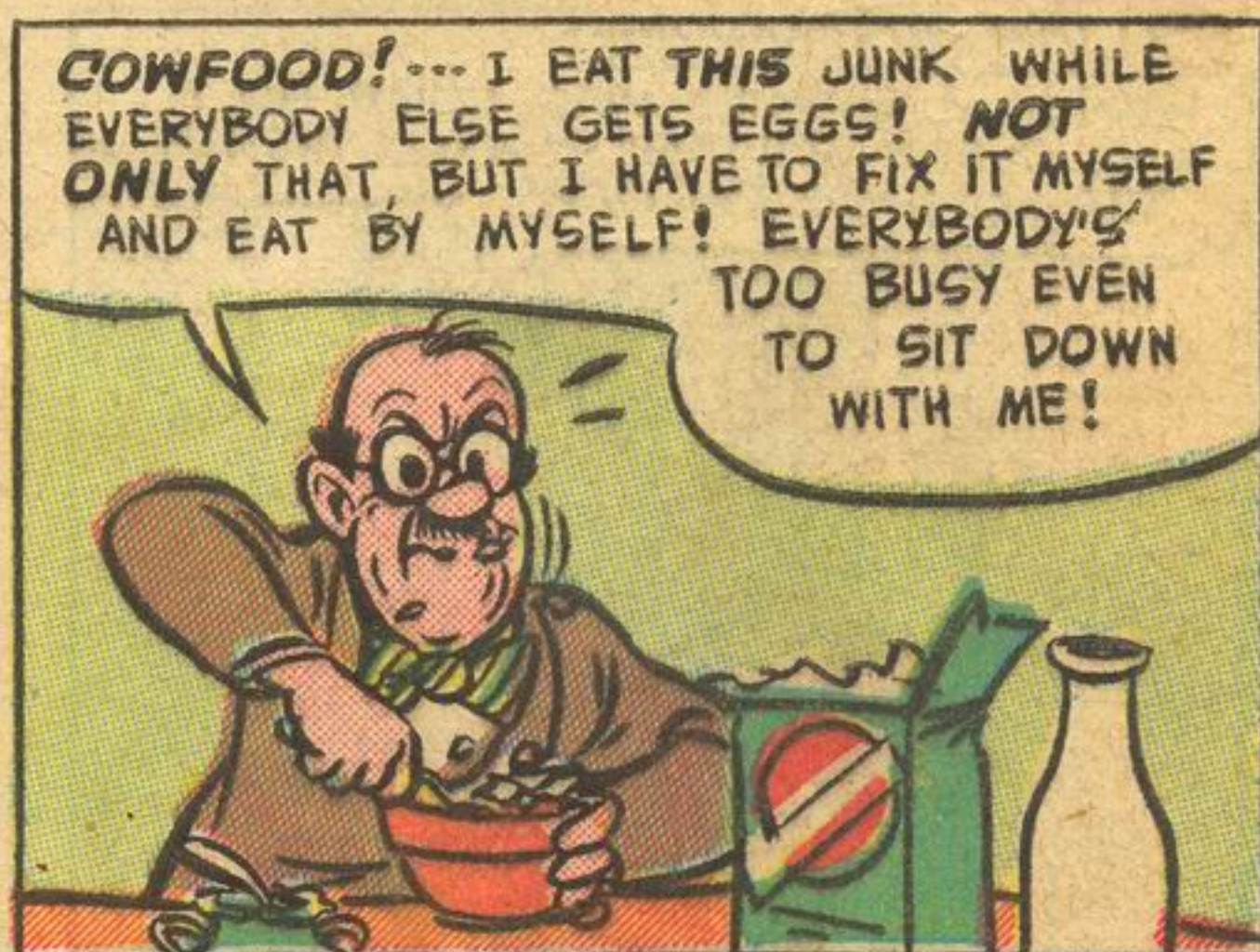
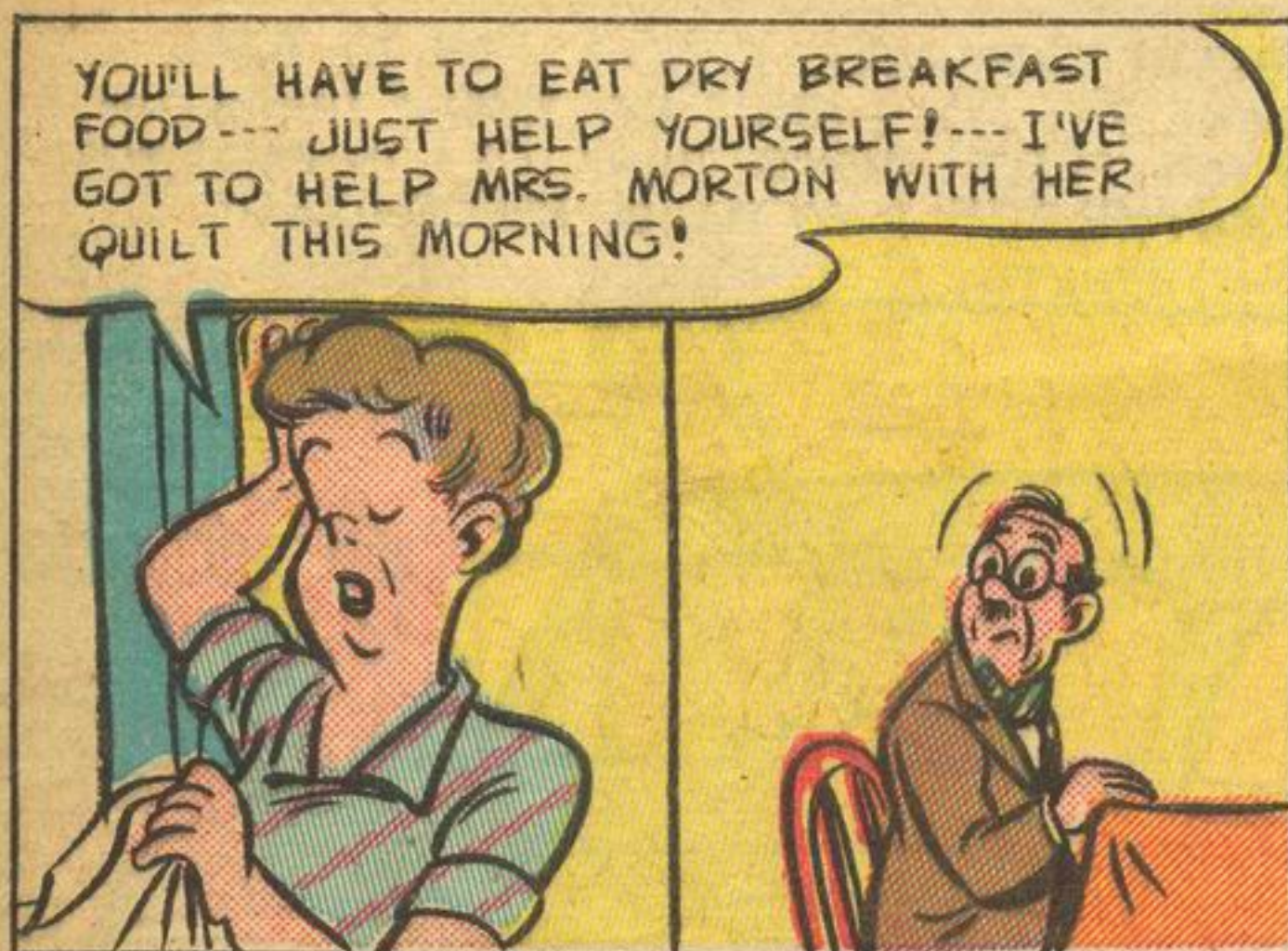
YOU'D THINK THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE WOULD **AT LEAST** HAVE A PLACE TO SIT DOWN WHEN HE GETS HOME FROM WORK! --- GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO TO MY DEN!















WODDEYA MEAN?

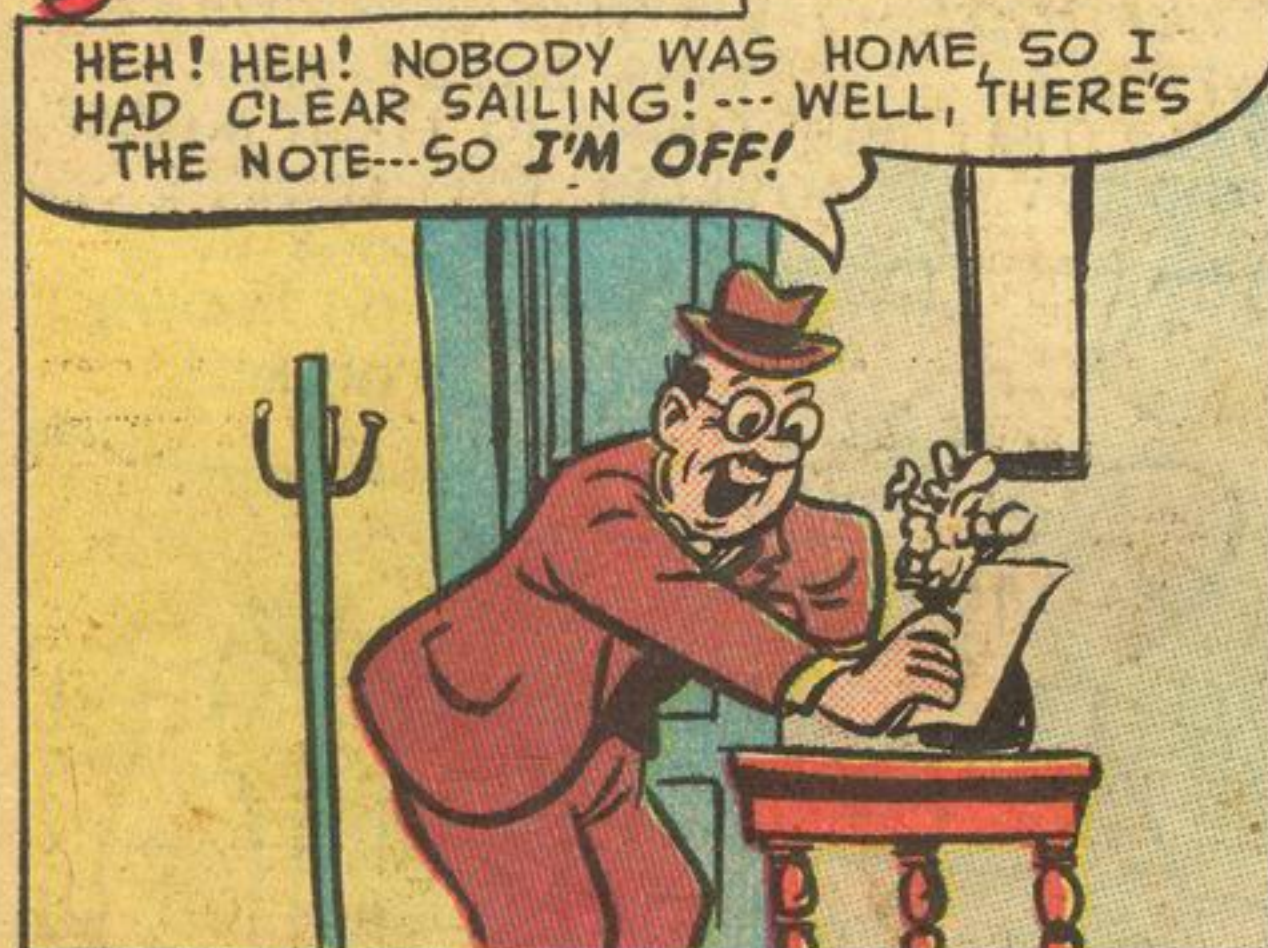
JUST THIS! GO ON A VACATION, BUT DON'T TELL THEM ABOUT IT IN ADVANCE---AND DON'T TELL THEM *WHERE*! --- JUST PACK UP AND *GO*! LEAVE 'EM A NOTE--- AND *THAT'S ALL*!



MAKE SURE THEY CAN'T CHECK ON YOU! CHANGE YOUR NAME IF YOU HAVE TO! THEN THEY'LL *HAVE* TO GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU---AND THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO RUN TO *YOU* WHEN THINGS GET TOUGH!

BY GEORGE, I'LL *DO* IT! I'LL LET *THEM* SWEAT IT OUT *ALONE*! THEN MAYBE THEY'LL REALIZE HOW *IMPORTANT* I AM!

SO THAT AFTERNOON---



HEH! HEH! NOBODY WAS HOME, SO I HAD CLEAR SAILING! --- WELL, THERE'S THE NOTE---SO *I'M OFF*!



LESSEE, WHERE'LL I GO? --- UP TO BASS LAKE? --- NO, I CAN'T DO *THAT*! THAT'S THE FIRST PLACE THEY'D THINK OF! IN FACT, MOST *ANY PLACE* I GO I'LL BE RECOGNIZED!



BY JINGO, I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL TAKE THE CAR TO A GARAGE, LEAVE IT, AND THEN BECOME A *KNIGHT OF THE ROAD*! --- A *HOBO*! THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME!



DON'T WANT THIS GUY TO RECOGNIZE ME!

ER---JUST KEEP IT HERE 'TIL I PICK IT UP, FRIEND!

YES, SIR!



HOWDY, FRIEND! GOT ROOM AROUND THAT FIRE FOR A FELLOW KNIGHT OF THE ROAD?

HUH?



LOOK, MISTER! *YOUSE* DON'T LOOK LIKE NO BUM TA ME! --- WHAT'S DA PITCH?

WELL, CAN YOU KEEP A SECRETZ?

SURE! WHAT'D *YOUSE* DO, BUMP SOMEBODY OFF?

NO! NO! NOTHING LIKE THAT!





LET'S GRAB DAT FREIGHT AND YOUSE'LL TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT WHILE WE ROLL OUTA TOWN!

SWELL! BY GEORGE, I THINK I'M GONNA ENJOY THIS!



COOKIE, PLEASE CALL YOUR FATHER AND TELL HIM SUPPER'S READY!

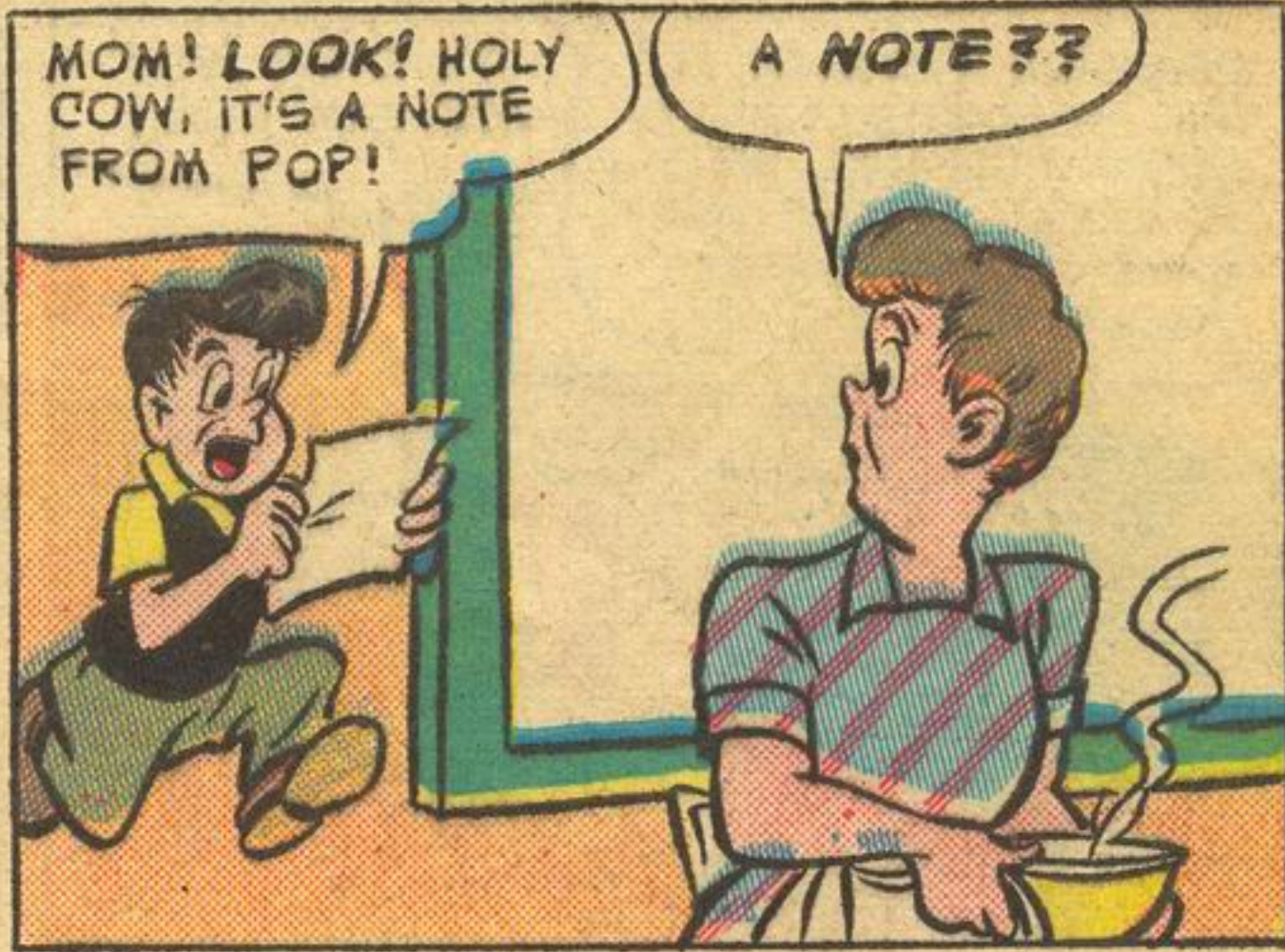
I DON'T THINK HE'S HOME YET, MOM!

MEANWHILE...



HE MUST BE! HE'S ALWAYS HOME AT THIS TIME!

WELL, HIS HAT ISN'T ON THE HALL-TREE AND --- **YIPE!**



MOM! LOOK! HOLY COW, IT'S A NOTE FROM POP!

A NOTE??



IT SAYS, "I'VE GONE ON A VACATION! I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'LL BE BACK! SIGNED, POP!"

WELL, OF ALL THE **INCONSIDERATE** MEN!



GOING ON A VACATION **JUST** WHEN I'VE PUT SUPPER ON THE TABLE! WELL, HE CAN JUST EAT LEFT-OVERS! I'M NOT GOING TO HEAT IT UP...

?



A **VACATION?**

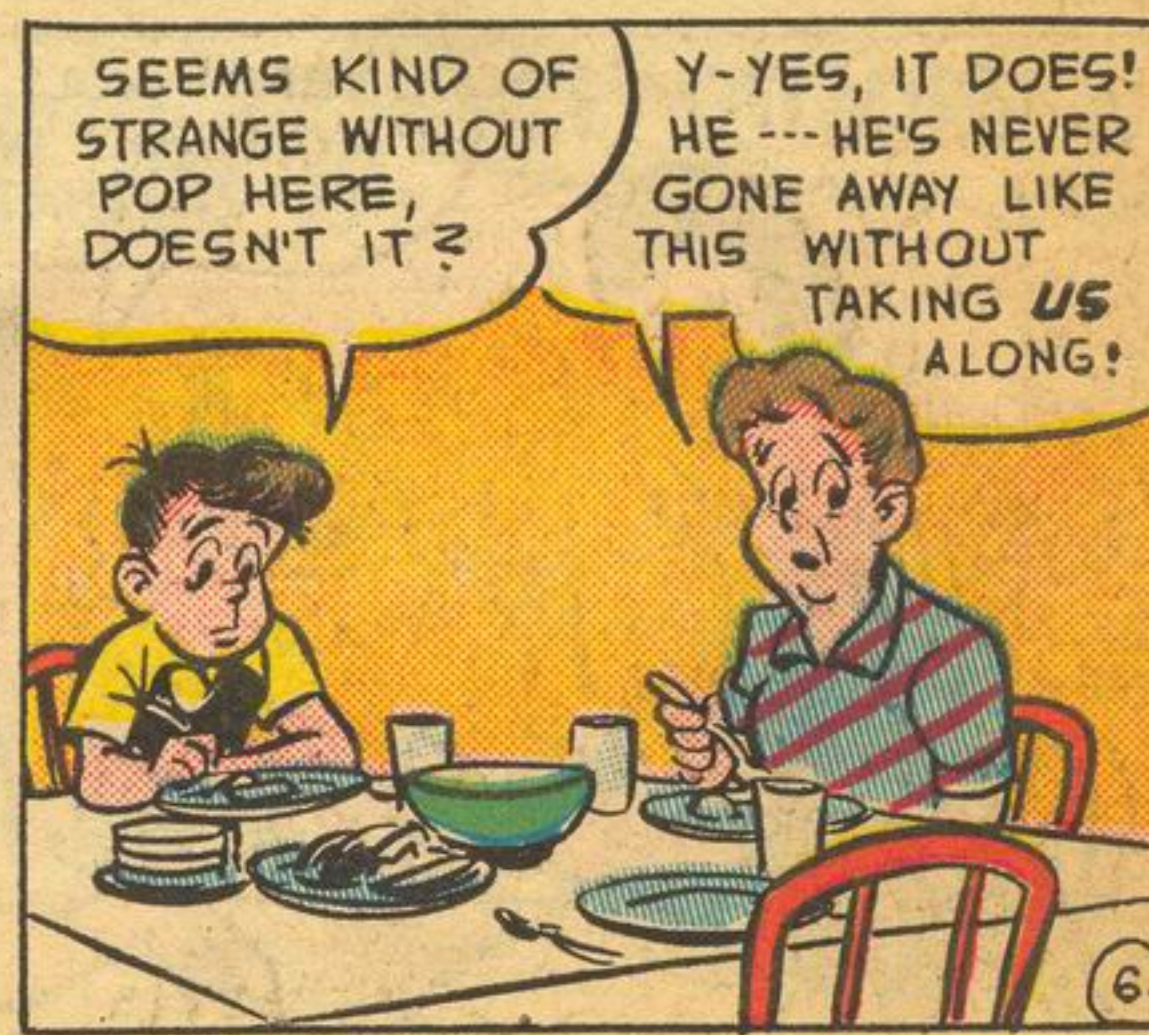
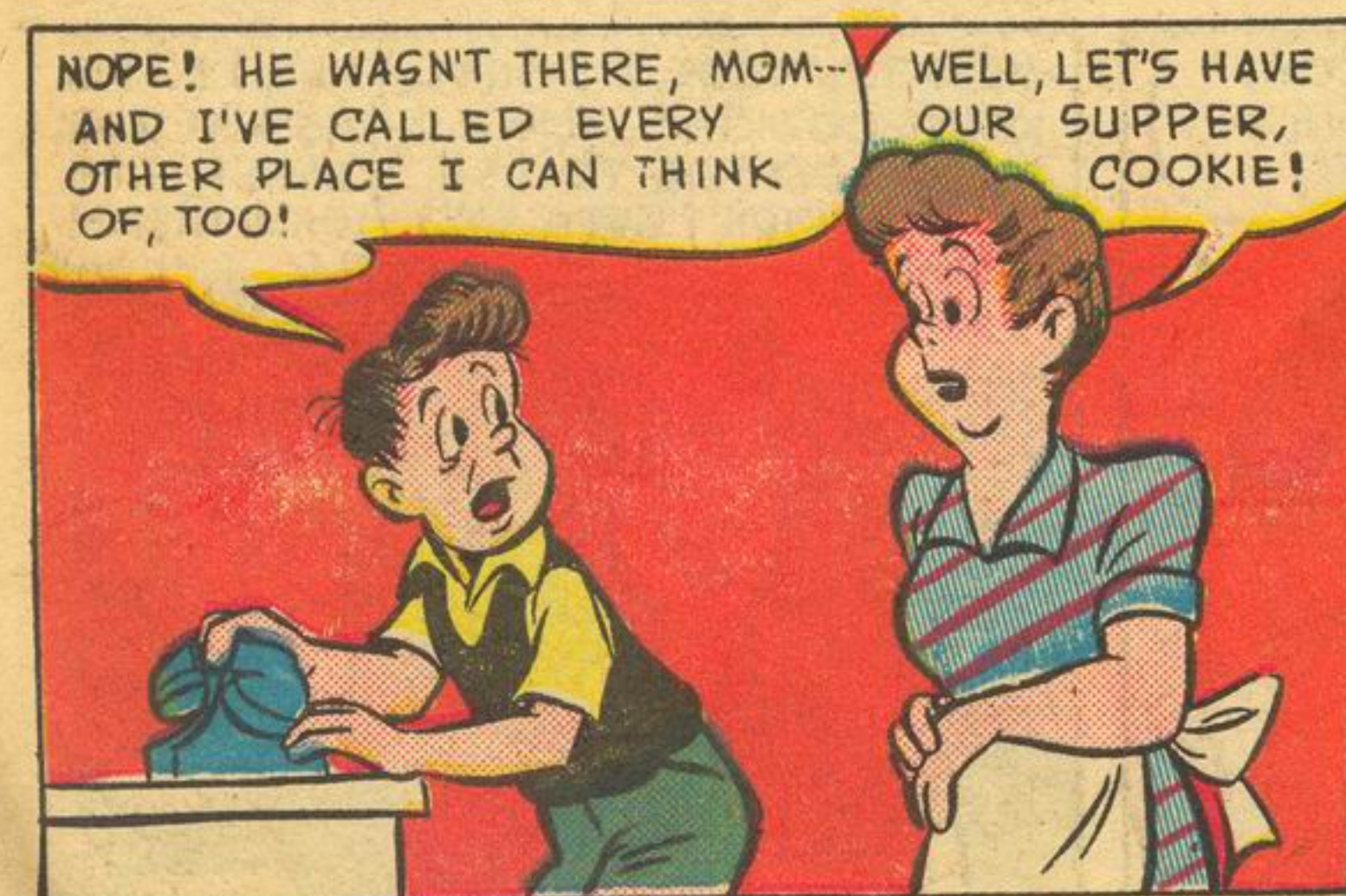
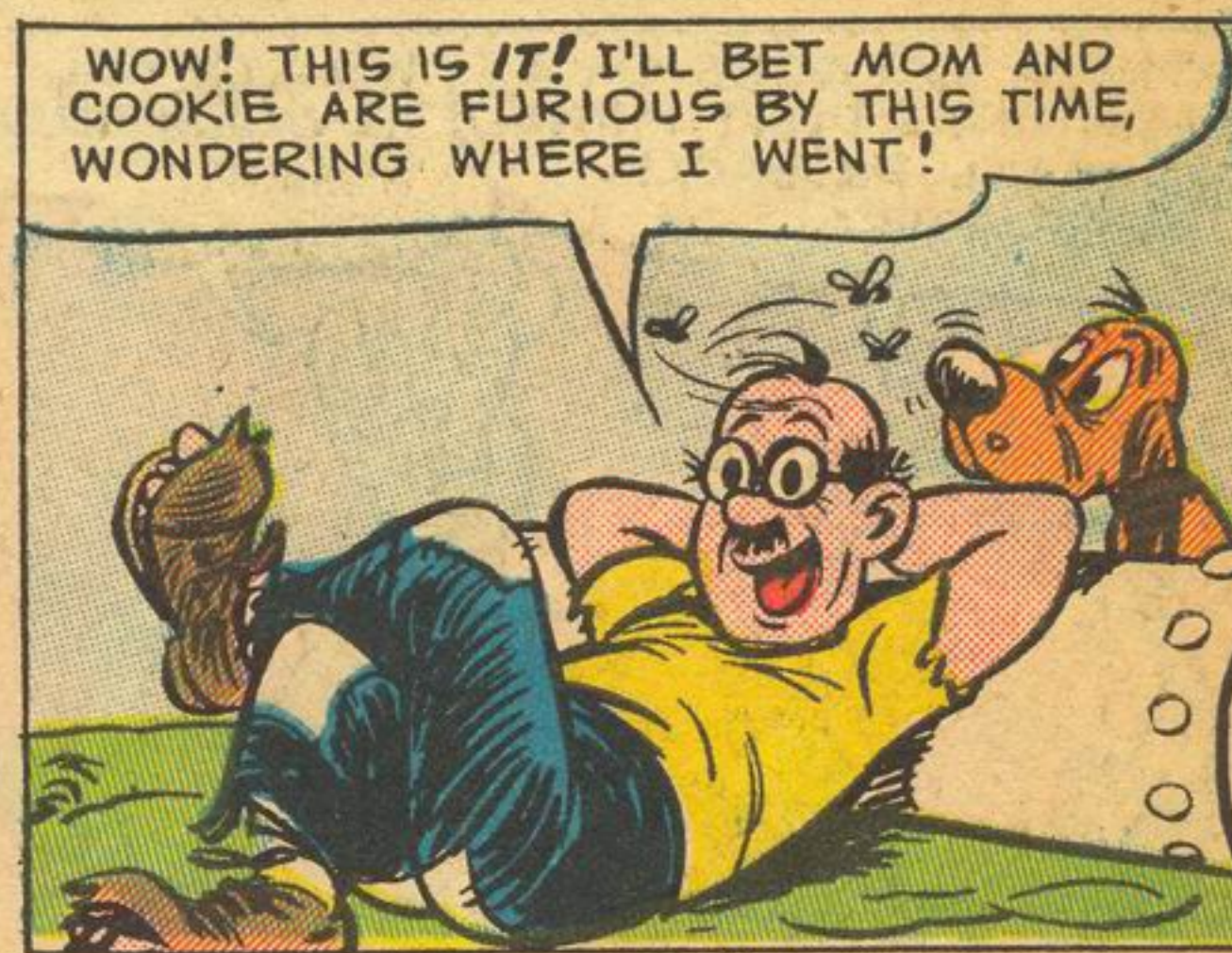
YEAH! HOLY COW, MOM, WHY WOULD HE DO THAT?



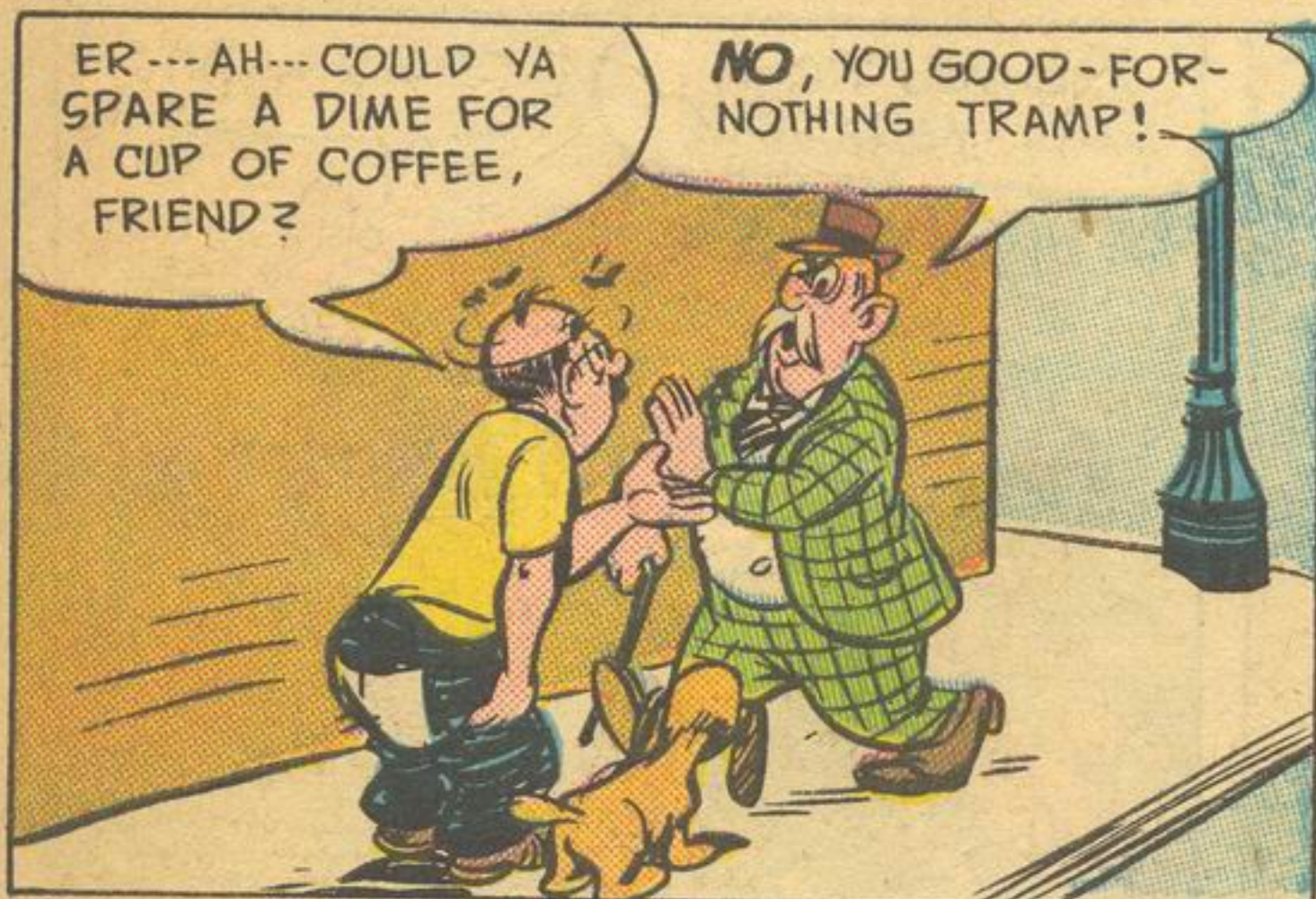
MY GOODNESS, I DON'T KNOW, COOKIE! HOW CAN HE DO THIS TO US? WHY, HE DIDN'T EVEN SAY WHERE HE WAS GOING!

HEY, I'LL BET HE'S AT BASS LAKE! LET'S CALL THERE!





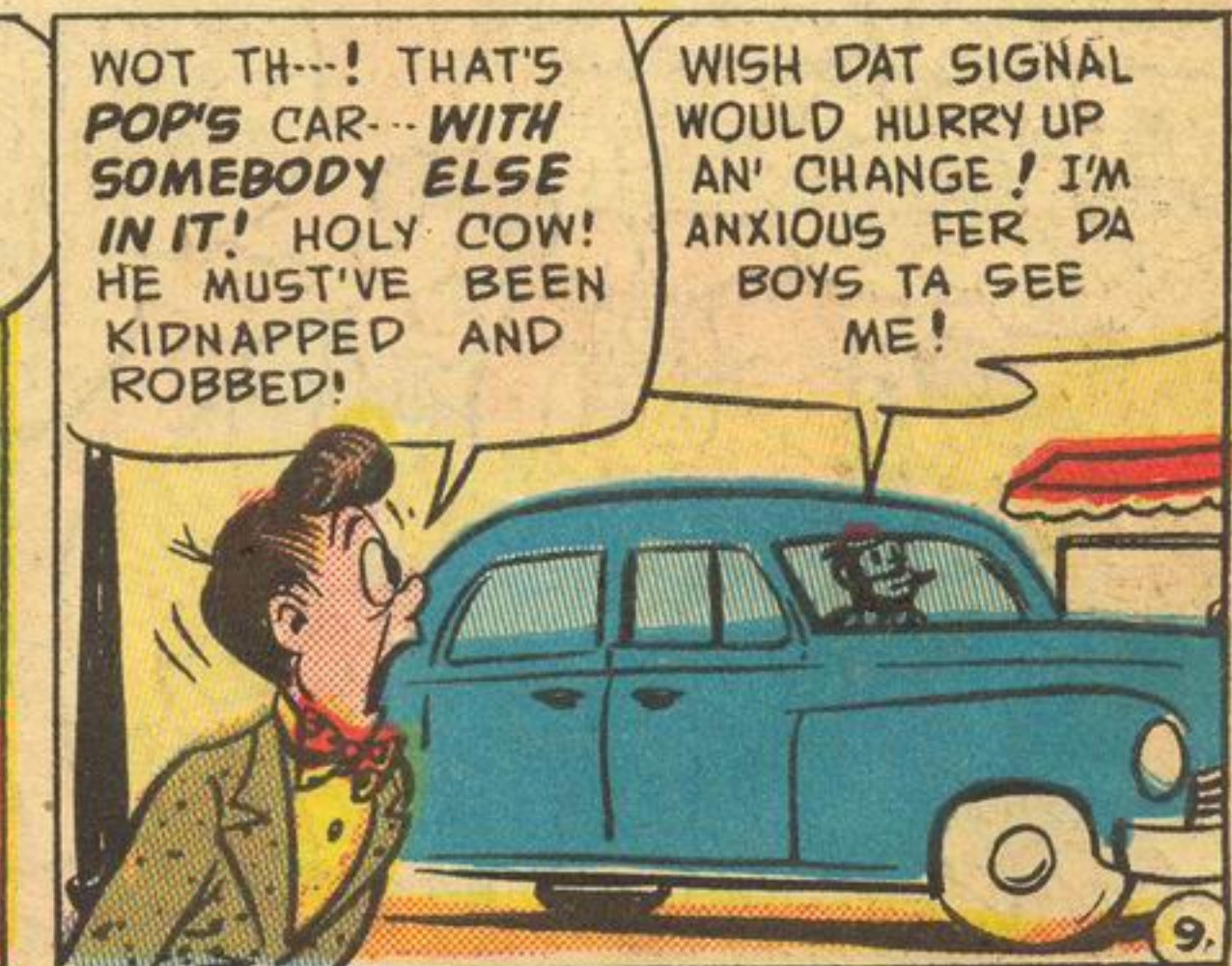
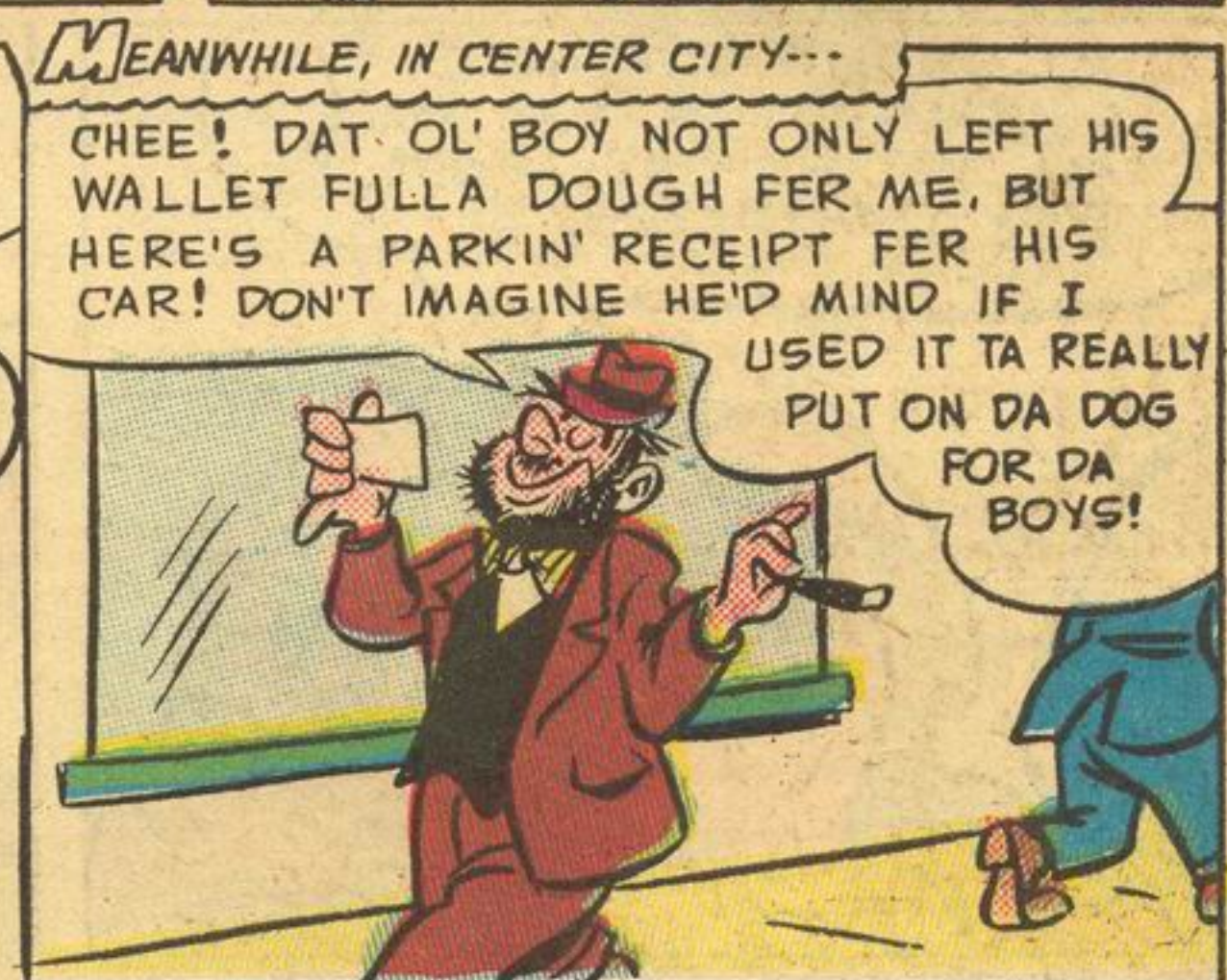
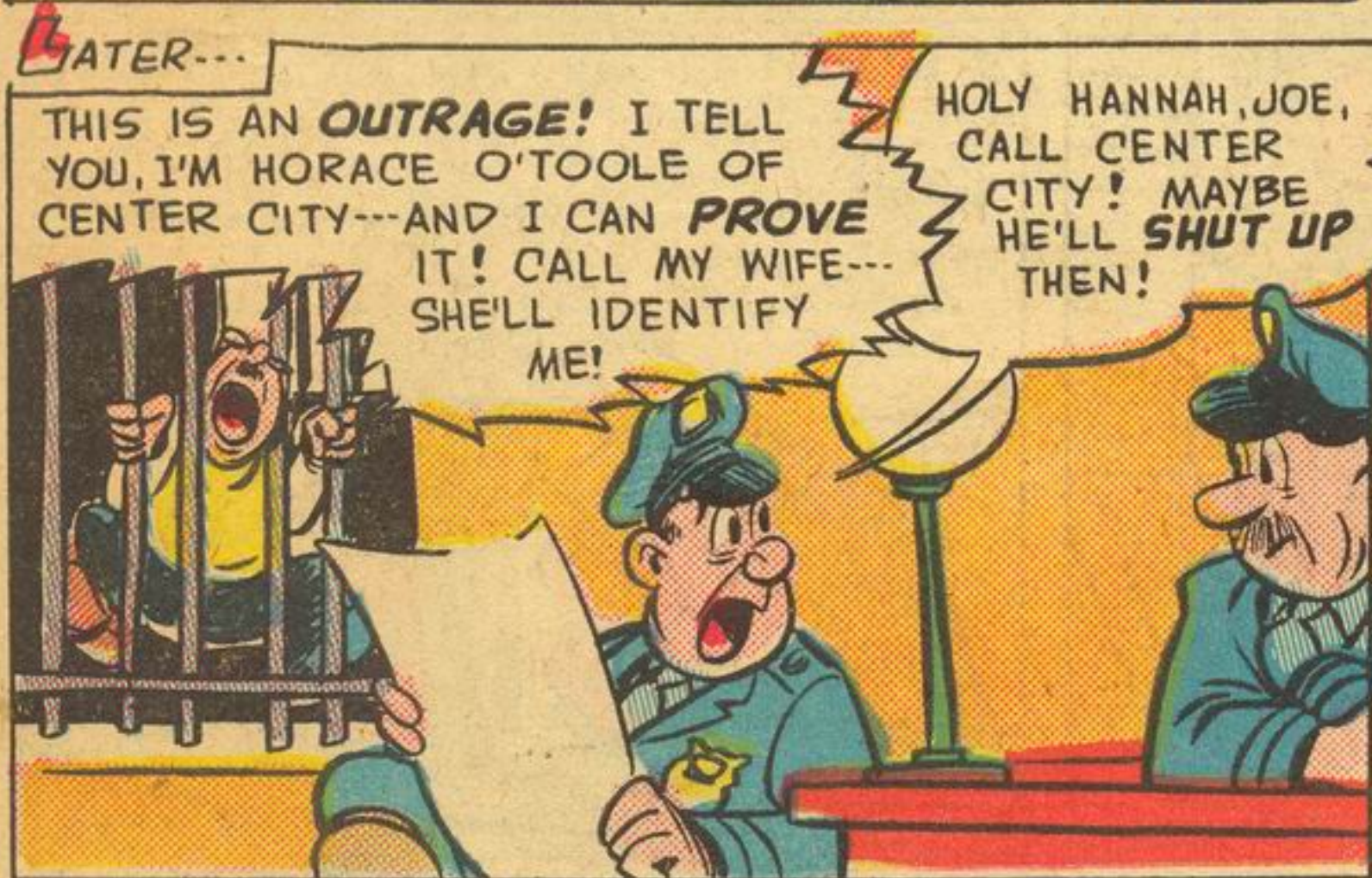
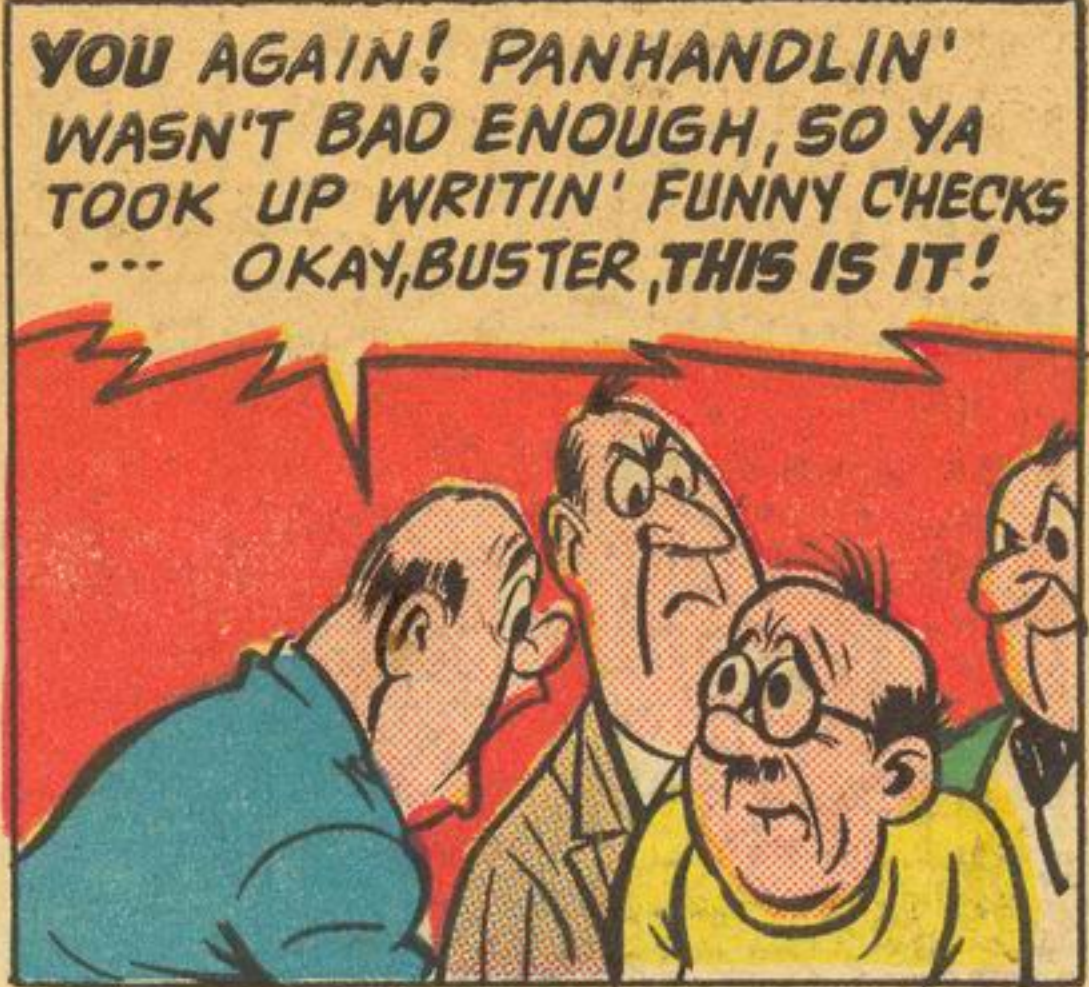




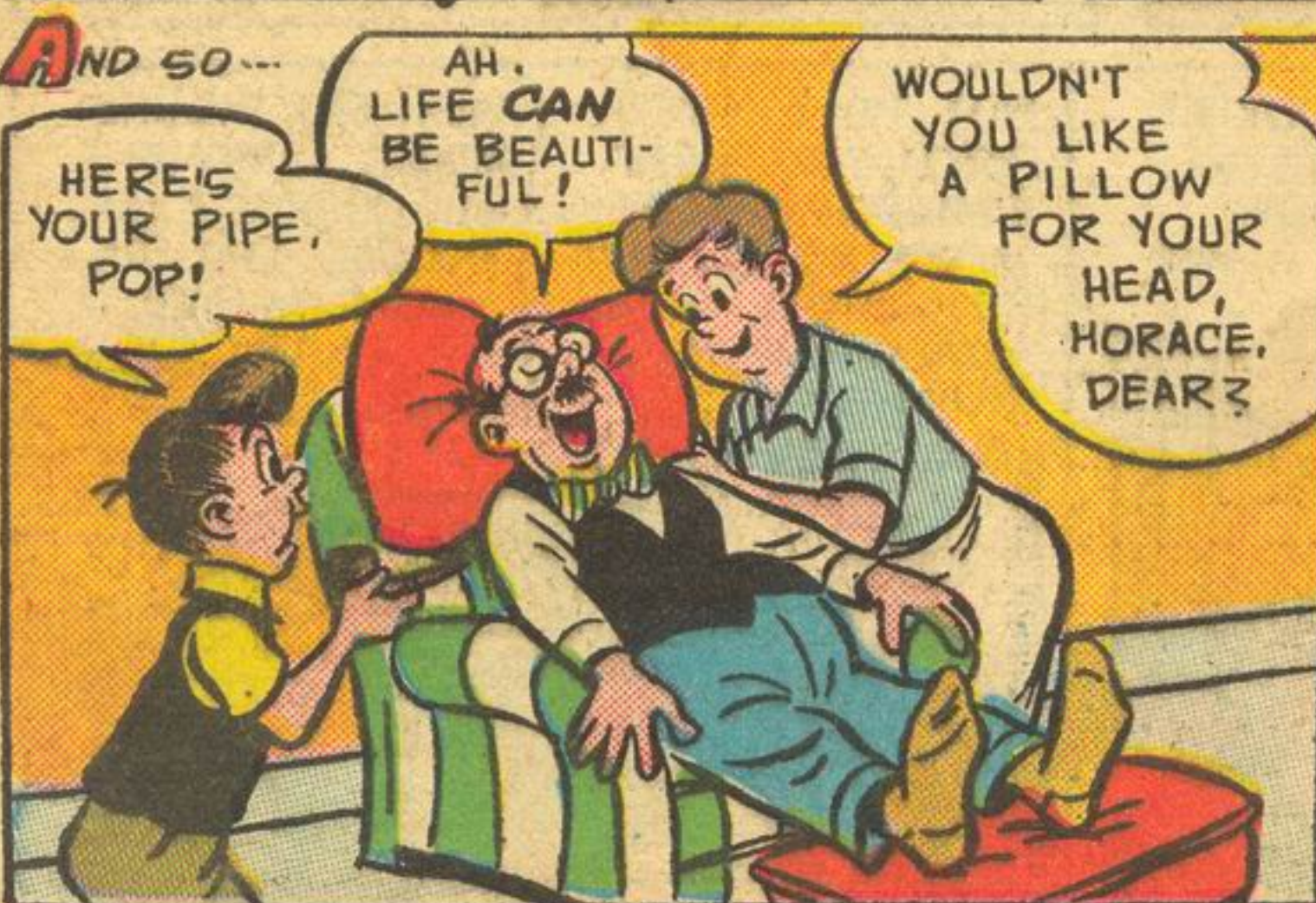
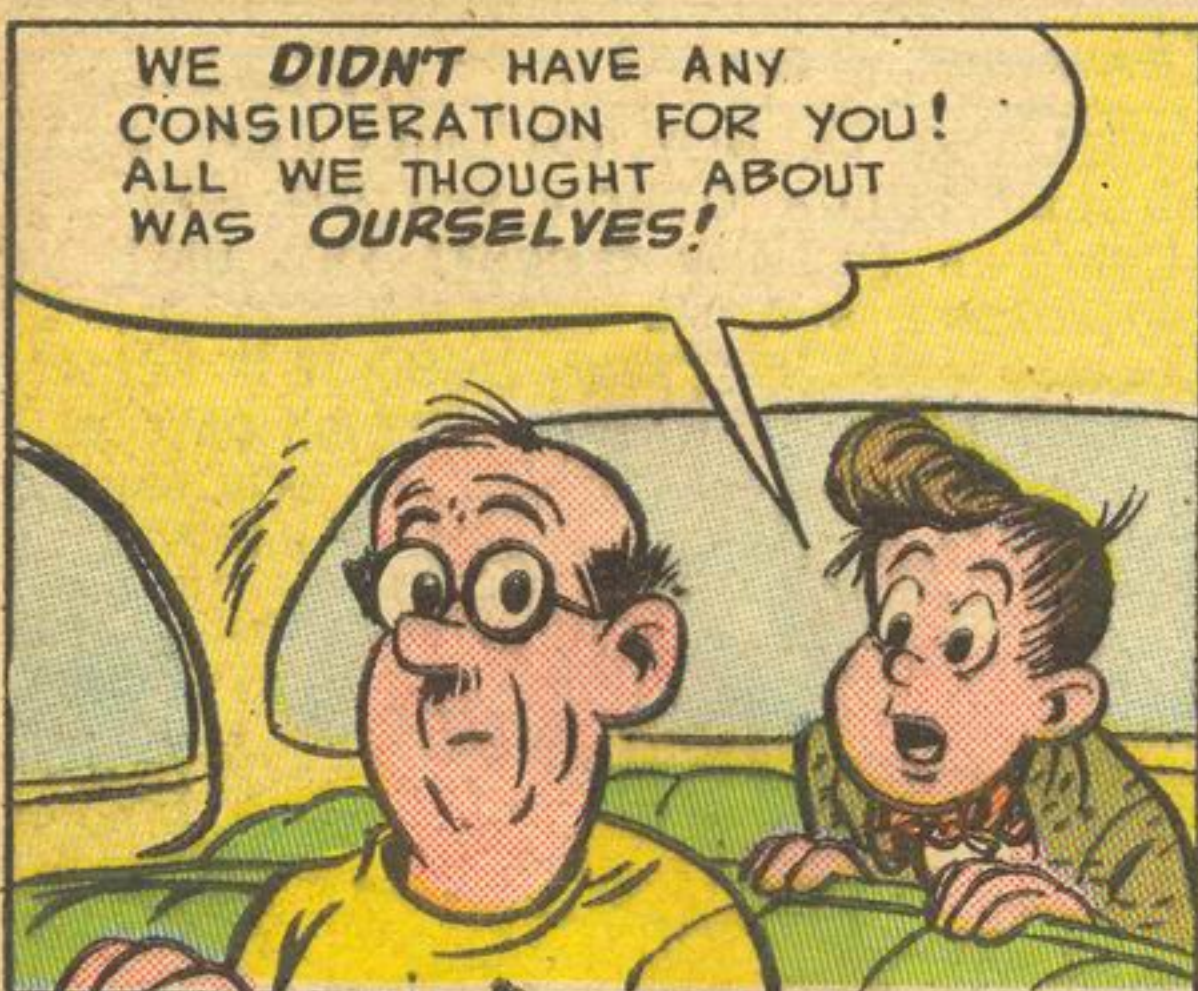








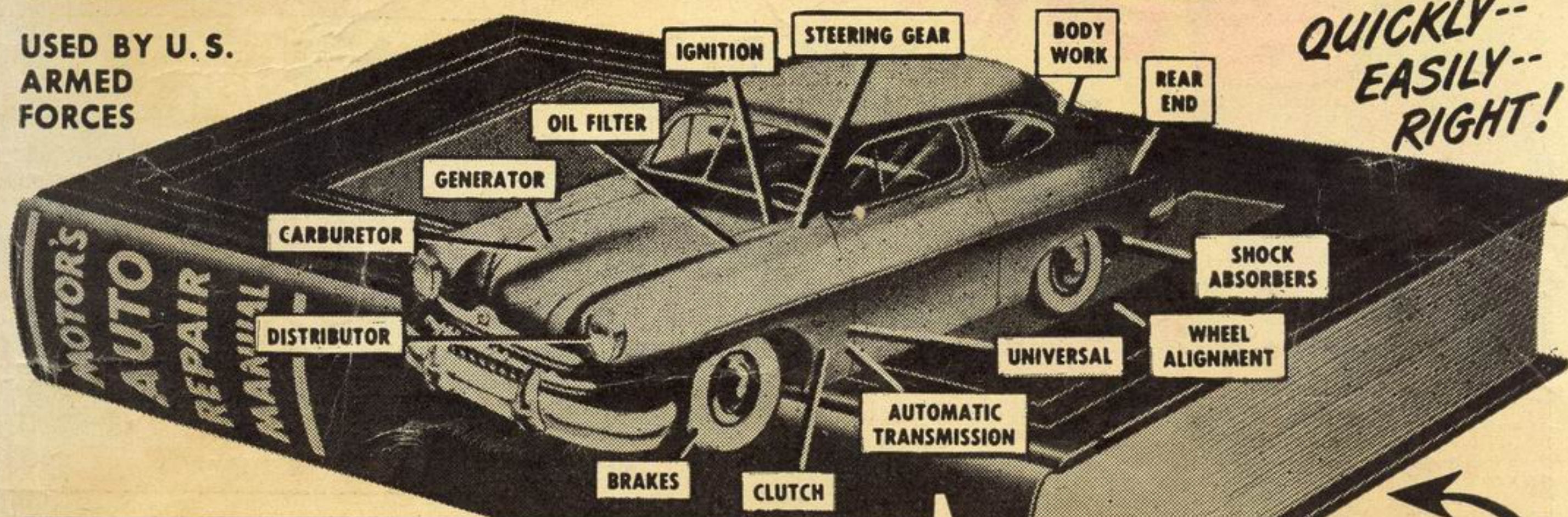






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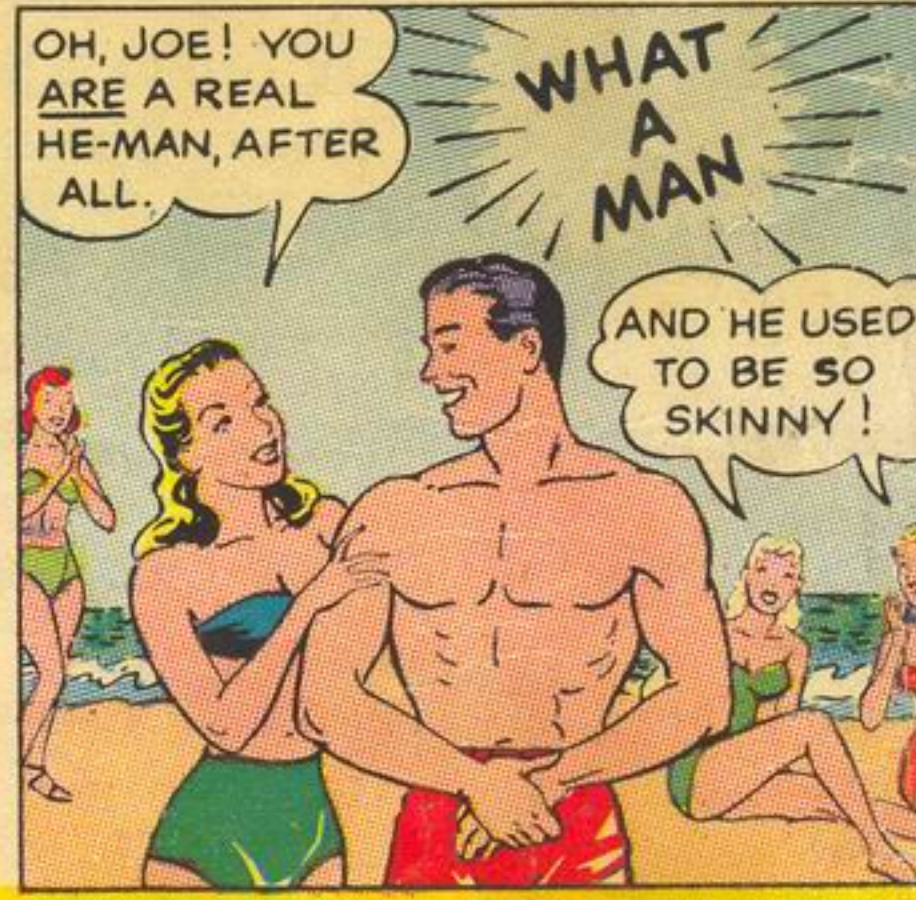
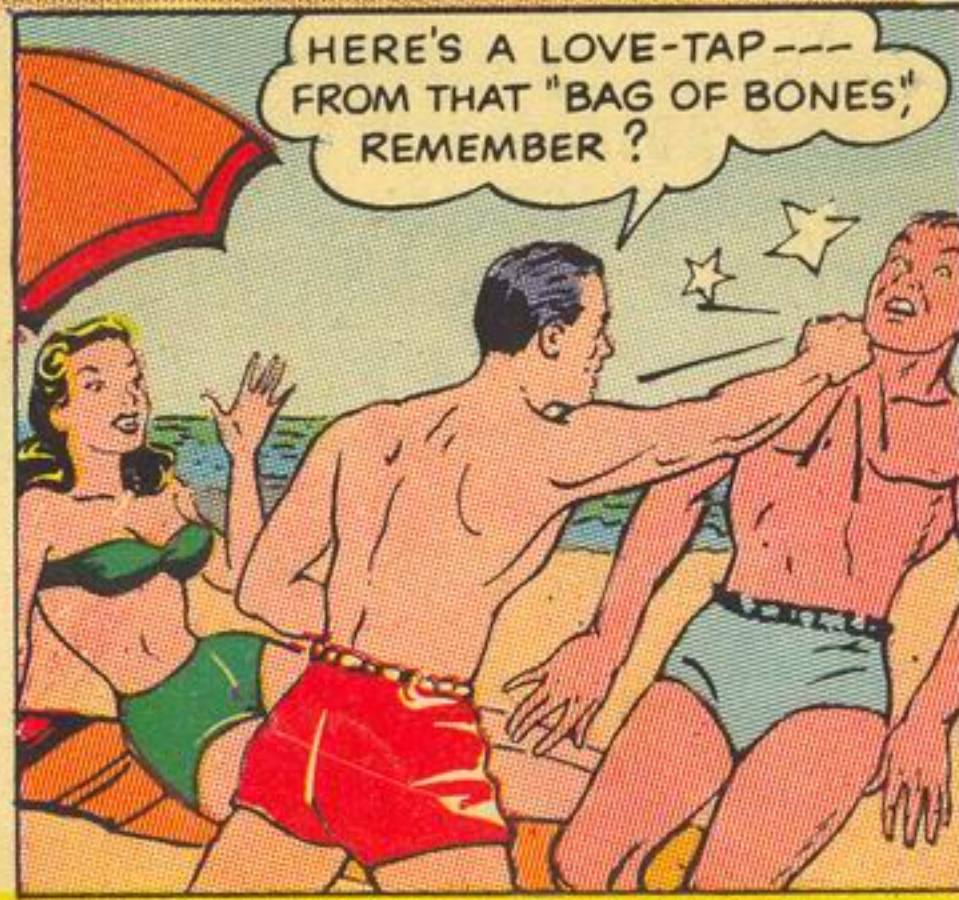
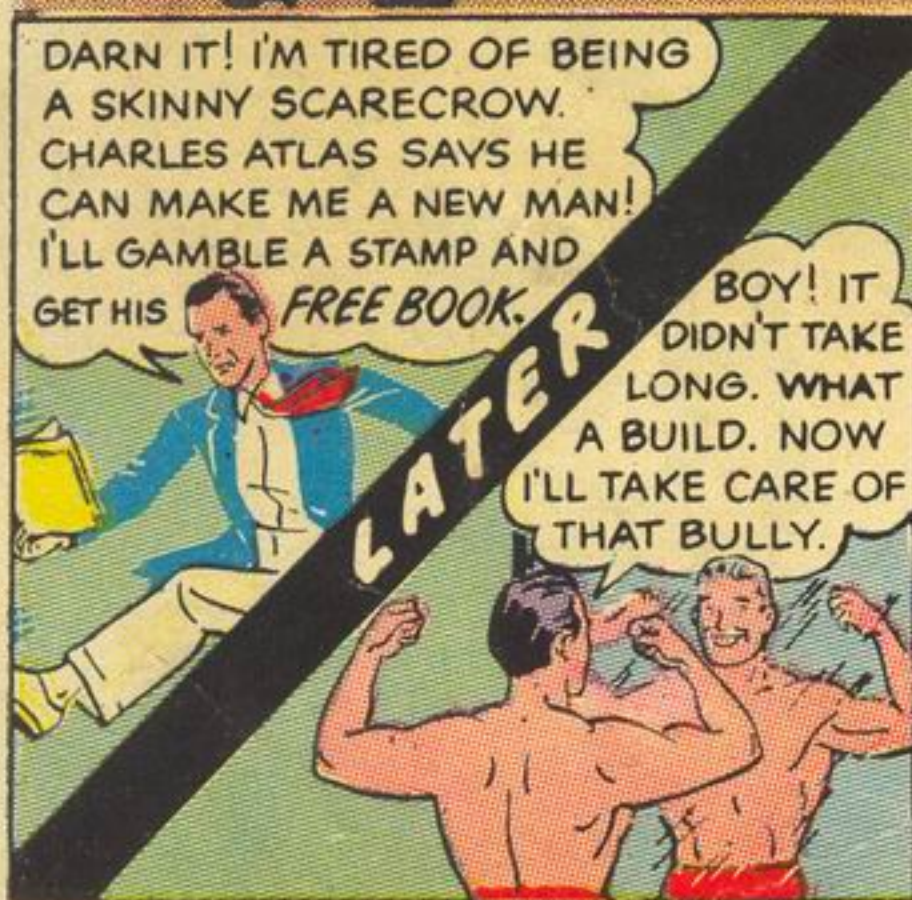
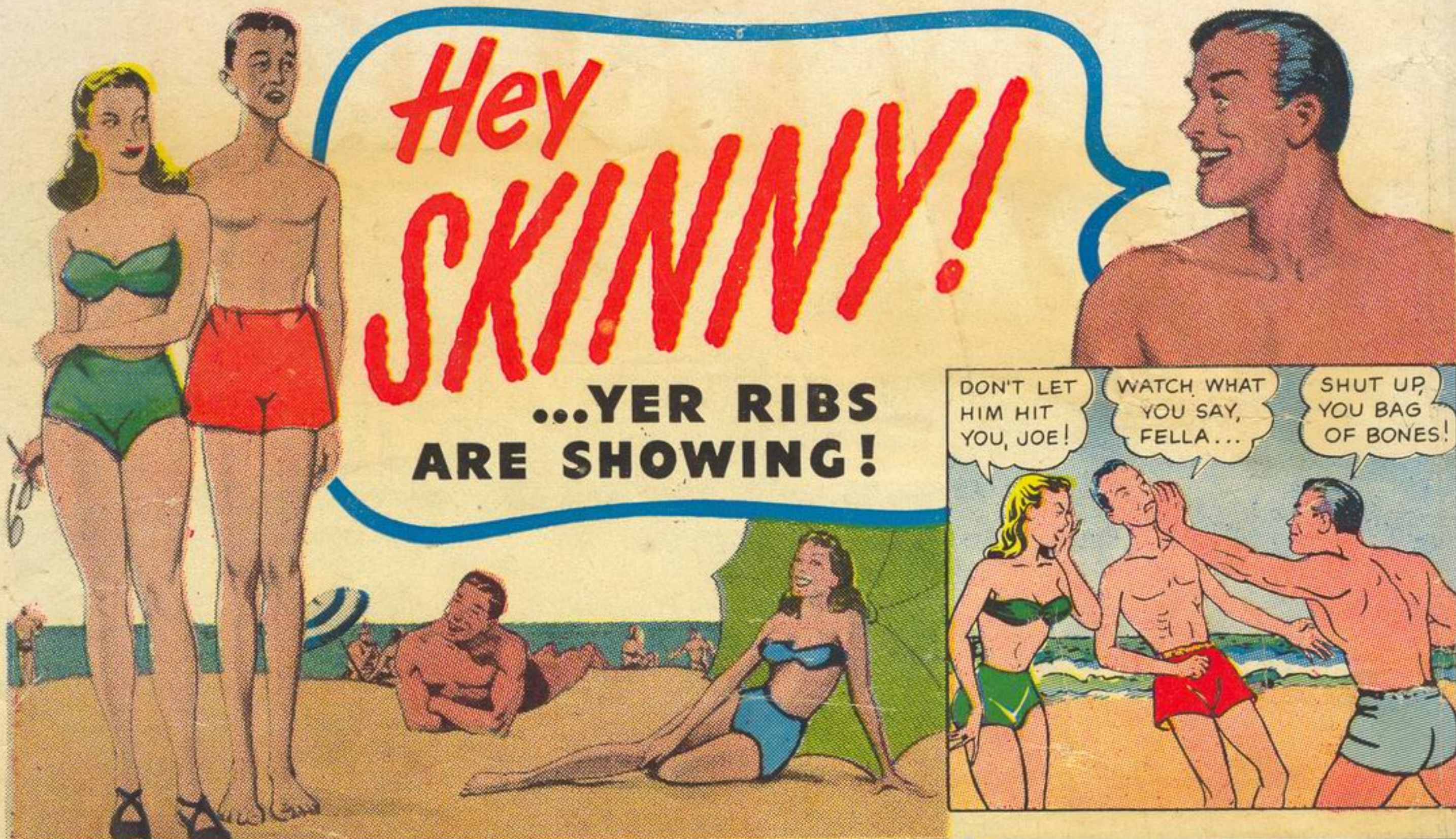
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